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Historic Leaves

Published by the

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Somerville, Mass.

April, 1909

Vol. VIII

No. 1

CONTENTS.

PAGE

JOHN STONE AND HIS DESCENDANTS IN SOMERVILLE	
<i>Sara A. S. Carpenter</i>	1
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NECROLOGY	20

HISTORIC LEAVES

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

Somerville Historical Society

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LYDIA (STONE) VINAL



HANNAH ADAMS (STONE) SANBORN



MARTHA (STONE) SANBORN

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HISTORIC LEAVES

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1909

No. I.

JOHN STONE AND HIS DESCENDANTS IN SOMERVILLE.

[Continued from Vol. III., No. 4.]

By Sara A. S. Carpenter.

Before continuing with the narrative of "Gregory Stone and Some of His Descendants," which ended in *Historic Leaves*, Vol. III., No. 4, it may be well to add to the notes of the ancestry of Gregory Stone there given further information as to the line of his immediate predecessors, which has been published by the Stone Family Association within two years. A thorough search of the parish records of Great Bromley, Essex county, Eng., has led to the following conclusions on the part of the investigators: The Symond Stone whose will was probated February 10, 1510, had a son David, who was the great-grandfather of Gregory Stone; the intervening relatives were a Symond and a David. The parish of Ardley adjoined that of Great Bromley, and the Stones named in the Court Rolls of Ardley are without doubt of the same family as that from which Gregory and Simon Stone descended. The latter were emigrants to this country in 1635-'36, and left their mark on the early history of Watertown and Cambridge, where they settled. Their descendants for two generations, at least, were prominent in public affairs. With the increase of population and the advent of new families, any given name sinks into obscurity. So it was in the case of the Stone family for one or two generations, and then it emerged, not, indeed, to shine with such prominence as was the case with Gregory Stone, of whom all his descendants are proud, but at least to make some mark on the records of time which shall forever be an honor to the family.

It is intended in this paper to give as fully as it is possible, from the scanty records and traditions, some account of John

Stone and his descendants, the first of the name to live on Somerville soil. As Dr. Holmes recommends beginning with a man's grandfather if you wish to reform him, so I will begin with John Stone's grandfather, who was the next in line from Samuel, who was the grandson of Gregory, and with whom the first paper, above referred to, closed.

Jonathan Stone, the son of Samuel Stone, was born in Concord February 8, 1687. He married Cheree Adams, of Concord, November 17, 1712. Cheree Adams was the daughter of Margaret Eames, the little girl who was kidnapped by the Indians, carried to Canada, but fortunately rescued. Very little information about this member of the Stone family outside of the probate papers can be found, beyond the mention of the baptisms of his children in the church records of Lexington, and the fact that he "owned the covenant," a form of joining the church, necessary in the case of the baptism of children, and voluntarily performed by the parents on that occasion.

Some time previous to 1727 he moved to Watertown, with his wife and family of five children. In 1727 or 1728 Chary Stone, with several others, was received into "full communion" with the First Church of Christ in Watertown by the pastor, Rev. Seth Storer. At Watertown two more children were born, as the parish record of births, deaths, and marriages shows. Immediately following these two entries, all three having apparently been set down at the same time, is the record of the death of Jonathan, scarcely a month after the birth of the youngest child. He was buried in the old cemetery at Watertown, and his gravestone gives his age as forty years. The probate papers are of great interest, as they are so full in the details. The bounds of the homestead lot, estimated at 100 acres, it would seem, might be traced by one who had access to old maps. One of the bounds is given as bordering on land belonging to Rev. Mr. Storer. In addition, there was pasture land in Waltham, twenty-one acres, right of land in Townsend, 300 acres, also in Concord Bridge, and "the little orchard near Ebenr Chenny's," one and three-fourths acres.

The inventory contains even more than the usual vagaries in spelling. It itemizes a light Coullered Broad Cloth Coat, a Dark Collered Coat, a Jaccott, and another Jacott; pair of Spatter Cfhes, a Bedsted with Cord and Blue Curtains, a negro boy, utensils for house-hold use, and for husbandry. The whole is valued at between three and four thousand pounds, old tenor. To the widow was set off a third part of the dwelling, in the southerly end of the house, with certain parts of the barn, "with privilege of the floorway for carting and thrashing," also "a third part of the cellar, with privilege of passing and repassing through the ketchin to sd Cellar, to fetch wood and water as she shall have occasion." As Jonathan Stone died in 1729, and his widow married Thomas Wellington, of Cambridge, February 1, 1735, and the estate was not settled until 1746, on the coming of age of the oldest son, it is difficult to see what use she could have had for these privileges.

In September, 1739, the church of the second precinct of Cambridge, that is, Menotomy, now Arlington, was organized; and letters of dismissal from other churches were received, among them that of Thomas and Chary Wellington. Mr. Wellington was a member of the prudential committee of the second precinct in 1737, so it would seem that the couple moved there soon after their marriage. Mr. Wellington died in 1759, and in 1763 his widow married Captain James Lane, of Bedford. Her gravestone is in the Bedford Cemetery.

When the oldest son came of age (1746), as before stated, Chary Wellington, who had been guardian of the children and administrator of the estate, rendered her account. Two-thirds of the remaining part of the house and land in Watertown, and all the wood and timber standing on the pasture in Waltham was set off to the oldest son, Jonathan. All the right of land in Townsend was allotted to the other two sons. What the four daughters received does not appear. That all the children signed a paper declaring themselves contented with the doings of the commissioners goes to show that they had agreed to the partition. Three of them were married then, and their hus-

bands were the said commissioners; so it would seem to have been wholly a family affair.

The settlement of the estate involved a three-days' trip to Townsend on horseback, and the expense is duly charged in the account of the administrator.

The next year Jonathan married Martha Cutler, or Cutter, of West Cambridge, May 21, 1747. Martha Cutter was a descendant, in the fourth generation, from Richard Cutter, a youth who came from England in the ship *Defence* at the same time as Gregory Stone. The couple probably lived in Watertown in the homestead, and possibly in Medford for some years, as Wyman mentions his name as of Medford. They were admitted from the church in Watertown to that in Shrewsbury in 1769, though they may have lived in Shrewsbury for some years previously. He died in Shrewsbury October 3, 1805, in his eighty-first year, and his widow passed away two years later. They left a family of twelve children. The oldest, Jonathan, was killed during the retreat out of New York, 1776. Two others, Seth and John, lived in Charlestown, and their descendants used to visit cousins in Shrewsbury.

The items of the inventory, filed April 1, 1806, are valued in dollars and cents. Here, again, the spelling of the names of articles is too amusing to be passed by. A walking caine is valued at \$.25; six pair pillow Casefs at \$2.05; 1 Caise Drawers, \$1.00; 8 Citching Chiers at \$1.33. All the effects, especially articles of wearing apparel, are valued at a very low figure.

Wyman, in his "Charlestown Estates," in the list of Stones gives three names of persons who may be claimed by members of the present family as relatives. The first name mentioned is that of Samuel Stone, son of Jonathan and Chary Adams Stone, and brother of the Jonathan Stone whose record has just been reviewed. He came from Watertown to this place in 1750, and afterward moved to Ashby.

Seth and John Stone, sons of Jonathan Stone of Watertown, next claim our attention. They were both born in Shrewsbury, although one authority mentions Menotomy, the

first, December 26, 1752, the second, March 7, 1755. Both served for a short time in the Revolutionary Army, in different companies.

Seth Stone was a corporal in Captain Benjamin Lock's Company, Lieutenant-Colonel William Bond's (late Thomas Gardner's) Thirty-seventh Regiment. His age is given as twenty-three years, his stature as five feet, ten inches. The company return is dated Camp Prospect Hill, October 6, 1775. There is company receipt for wages for October, 1775, dated Prospect Hill, and an order for money in lieu of bounty coat dated Prospect Hill, December 22, 1775.

John Stone, of Cambridge, a private in Captain Benjamin Edgell's Company, Colonel John Jacob's Regiment, enlisted July 6, 1778; service, five months, twenty-seven days, including travel home (sixty miles); enlistment to expire January 1, 1779. His name is also mentioned on the muster rolls of the same company and regiment dated at Freetown, September 13 and October 18, 1778.

In 1782 Seth Stone bought ten acres of land of Isaac Mallett, next the Powder House; two years later this land was deeded to Peter Tufts. The births of three children of Seth and Mary Stone are recorded in Medford, where they owned a pew in the church; the pew was sold by the widow in 1796. The claim that Seth Stone at any time resided in Somerville, then a part of Charlestown, is based on land transactions in which he is mentioned as of Charlestown in the years 1782 and 1785; previously he was of Cambridge and Medford; in some of the deeds he is designated as "gentleman."

Of the three children of Seth and Mary Stone, one daughter, Susanna, married and lived in Somerville. She was born May 10, 1783; she married April 27, 1807, Benjamin Tufts (son of John Tufts, son of Peter and Ann Adams Tufts). They lived for a time on Broadway, on the site now numbered 280. Later they lived in the old Hawkins house, which stood on Washington Street, near the railroad bridge, and there Benjamin Tufts died. His widow moved to the old Cutter house on the corner

of Broadway and Cross street. To support her family she became a tailoress. She lived there till her death in November, 1852.

Her daughter, Elizabeth Perry Tufts, one of seven children, was born February 20, 1818. She was one of the teachers of the first Sunday School in Somerville, and her daughter claims that she had as much to do with the starting of it as Miss Whitredge, whose name now bears all the honor. She was one of the first to join the church when it was organized under the title of the First Congregational Society in Somerville. She was married by its first pastor, Rev. John Sargent, to James M. Curn May 30, 1847. This couple had three daughters, all of whom have lived in Somerville in recent years. One of them still lives here.

John Stone was married April 13, 1780, to Mary Tufts, daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Pierce Tufts (son of Nathaniel, son of Captain Peter, son of Peter). One source of information says he and his wife joined the church at Menotomy August 27, 1780, that they were dismissed from that church to the First Church of Cambridge December 30, 1803. So it would seem that they lived in Menotomy for a time. According to Wyman, they came to Charlestown from Cambridge with their family in 1782. He bought at various times, in large or small lots, land on the southerly side of Prospect Hill. The combined area of these lots formed a tract which extended from Vinal Avenue to and including the Prospect Hill Schoolhouse lot, as it is still called; and from the line of the Thorpe land on Walnut Street, some 100 or more feet north of Boston Street, and for about half the length of Columbus Avenue, along the northerly bounds of the lots on that avenue, to Bow and Washington Streets. Later, through his wife, Mary, who inherited from her father, the area was extended to School Street, as far north as Summer Street.

The situation of the house he lived in when he first came to this locality is a matter of uncertainty. An early purchase (1783) was a lot of land above Columbus Avenue, where pos-

sibly there was a house. It was not until 1793 and 1795 that he bought land on Bow Street, where was located the "home lot" mentioned in the partition of his real estate after his death, bounded southerly by "Milk Row, so called," which at that time took the course now laid out as Bow Street. At a later date he possibly lived in the old house, formerly in Union Square, which was moved before Pythian Block was built. This house was moved to Medford Street, and perhaps to this day the front door bears the original knocker.

In the records of his land transactions there are three different words used to describe or designate his station or occupation. The first is "cooper," the second "husbandman," the third "yeoman." Possibly these indicate the different steps of his advancement and prosperity. Probably he took some part in the affairs of the town, especially those connected with his immediate neighborhood; if he did so, it is buried in the manuscript records of Charlestown. That he was looked up to in his own family is shown by the fact that all the children called him "Sir Stone." Whether or not this is a contraction of "grand-sire" is a conundrum we cannot now answer.

He was associated with Timothy Tufts, Nathaniel Hawkins, Samuel Kent, Samuel Shed, and others in the purchase from Samuel Tufts of a lot of land for a cemetery in 1804. This was the well-known rectangular lot on Somerville Avenue at the foot of School Street, on one corner of which stood the school known as the Milk Row School.

There is an old Bible containing "the records of Mr. John Stone and Mrs. Mary Ston's children and the time of their births." They were blessed with thirteen, two of whom died in infancy.

John Stone was born October 27, 1780.

Mary Stone was born November 14, 1781.

Betsy Stone was born August 4, 1783.

Lucy Stone was born August 8, 1784.

Nathaniel Stone, born December 2, 1788.

Jonathan Stone, born June 7, 1790.

Daniel Stone, born November, 1792; deceased May 14, 1793.

Hannah Stone, born January 18, 1794.

Martha Stone, born November 9, 1795.

Lydia Stone, born September 10, 1797.

Daniel Stone, born April 19, 1800.

Lydia Stone, born January 26, 1802.

Thomas Jefferson Stone, born March, 1804.

The title and the first four names were written at one sitting apparently, probably with a quill pen. Additions have been made by a later hand, or hands, judging by the two different inks used to complete the record, which is nearly correct. The proper dates, or, more correctly speaking, the dates of baptism have been found in the records of the First Parish, Cambridge. Comparison of dates shows that the children were baptized in from four to fifteen days after birth. It may be further noted that Mary Stone was baptized "Polly Tufts," that Hannah was given Adams for a middle name, and John the name of Cutter. John Stone owned a pew in the First Parish Church, and in all probability attended church there. It seems safe to surmise that the children went to the Milk Row School, a description of which Mr. Hawes has given us in his papers on the schools of Charlestown.

Most of the children on their marriage settled, it might be said, within a stone's throw of the old homestead. One lived in East Cambridge for a time, and two or more in Boston.

John Cutter Stone, the oldest son, owned land on the southerly side of Union Square, as far down as Prospect Street. That he married and settled near is shown by the record of the baptism, "by her own desire," of his wife, Eliza Stone, on the presentation of a child, John Tufts, for baptism December 5, 1802; another child, David, was baptized in 1804.

Jonathan owned land below Prospect Street, bounded by Miller's River. He was a house-wright, according to Wyman. It is said that he met his death by drowning in Miller's River. He was a sleep-walker, and while being anxiously followed one

night was suddenly awakened by his brother's outcry when the latter found him up to his neck in the river. His father had just built a tomb in the old cemetery at Harvard Square, and the young man's body was the first to be put into it. An interesting item in the life of this unfortunate young man is that the record of his birth written in the book at Cambridge is in the handwriting of old Dr. Holmes, then the minister of the church, the father of Dr. Holmes, the humorist.

Three daughters made their homes near the family roof-tree. Betsy was the first of the daughters to leave the home nest. She married Benjamin Grover November 13, 1803. In 1804 there is recorded the renewal of the covenant for the baptism of children by this couple, and their residence is given as New Bridge. Later, in 1807, the baptism of another child is recorded, and they are put down as of Cambridgeport. It is evidently the same place under a new name, which still clings to it. The old custom of naming the children after the parents was followed in this case, Benjamin and Elizabeth. They moved to Concord, N. H., and the present generation knows them by name only, and nothing of their descendants.

A receipt in full for the share of John Stone's estate falling to the Grover children appears in the petition of his real estate in 1823, and is signed by an uncle, showing that Elizabeth died before her children came of age.

Mary, whose baptismal name was Polly Tufts, followed her sister Betsy in the matrimonial quickstep executed by this family with a wedding every year for four successive years. She married Philip Bonner, of Boston, in 1804. Their marriage only is recorded in the Cambridge Parish records, as they lived in Boston for a number of years, on Spear Place, off Pleasant Street. Mary Stone is put down as of Charlestown (Cambridge Parish). They sang in the choir of the Old South Church, and later at the Hollis Street Church. They came to Charlestown, and lived in a house which stood under the large elm tree in the Prospect Hill School yard. After a time it was moved a little further up the hill. Later a larger house was built still further

up the hill, and here Mary Bonner died, at the age of eighty-three. The old house was moved to the neighborhood of Wyatt's Field a few years ago. Mary Bonner had beautiful hair and dark eyes. At her death she had no gray hair. Her teeth were sound; it is said, all double.

There were nine children in this family, David, Mary, Emily, John, William, Eliza, George, and twins, Jonathan and George Washington. The three latter children died young, and Mary was burned to death at the age of thirteen. Emily married Augustus Hitchings, and they lived on Bonner Avenue. An only son of this couple was killed in a coasting accident at the foot of Bonner Avenue, coming in contact with the horse cars. Eliza married Thomas Goodhue. They lived for many years in the little house on the corner of Bonner Avenue, and for a few years, their last days, in a new house further up the hill. A daughter still lives with her family in the little house.

William Bonner married Mary Ann Noble, and with their family of four or five children lived for many years in Somerville; all have now died or moved away, and have no descendants.

David Bonner married Sarah Scoville. A daughter of this couple lives at the Home for the Aged, and her memory has been ready with events of the past for this story and for many others which have been presented here from time to time. She was a scholar in the Milk Row School; she worked in the Middlesex Bleachery in the days when nearly all the hands were native born. She was twice married, but has no children of her own to comfort her in her declining years. The three who came died as children, but she treasures the memory of their sweet voices, and speaks with pride of one of them who could hum with his father every tune the latter knew, at the age of eleven months. Of all the descendants of Mary Stone Bonner, this lady, who was her granddaughter, most resembles her in appearance.

In the year 1805 another sister, Lucy, left home. She was married by Rev. Dr. Morse on November 3 to David Bolles,

of Richmond, N. H. Of the five children of this couple, two died in infancy, and one, at least, lived in Somerville in after years. This one, Lucy Stone Bolles, was married to James Freeman Wood January 7, 1841, by Rev. William Hague. They lived in Boston on Federal Street for twenty years, then moved to Somerville, where Mr. Wood died October 10, 1864, at the age of fifty-four years. The widow lived on Bow Street for many years. The last years of her life were passed in the home of her son, James A. Wood, of Cambridge. Her daughter, Miss Sarah Bolles Wood, was for thirty years a clerk at the Registry of Deeds. She was of a sweet and retiring disposition, much interested in church work. James A. Wood married Caroline A. Blaisdell April 19, 1870. Two of their four children live with them at Cambridge.

Nathaniel Tufts Stone married May 25, 1817, Sarah Rand, daughter of Thomas Rand, who lived under the old elm tree on Somerville Avenue, near the foot of Central Street. They lived for a time in the old house which was moved before Pythian Block was built, before mentioned. Nathaniel died in 1822 of consumption. A child was born the following year, and named for his father. Of the three born previously, the eldest, Charles Henry, lived with an uncle and aunt in Cambridge, and was drowned in the Charles River at the age of fourteen. One died in infancy. A lady now in the nineties remembers the old house which she used to pass on her way to school, and she has a picture in her memory of Nathaniel Tufts Stone sitting in his hallway. It seemed to her that the house was not an old one, being painted, not weather-beaten. She tells this anecdote of Mr. Stone: that one day, in April, he had some business in Cambridge, or the port, and drove over in a sleigh, there being considerable snow on the ground. It was a very warm, spring-like day, and when he came out, after finishing his business, the snow had all melted away.

Martha Stone married Robert Sanborn, and they lived for many years on Bow Street. The house stood some little distance from the corner of Walnut Street. It had a flower garden

in front, with a grape arbor over the walk to the front door, little used, as it seemed to the writer, who was much more accustomed to going in at the side door, when sent on errands to the mistress of this house. A red barn adjoined the house, with its great doors always open, revealing a hay wagon and hay mow, and, most fascinating of all, a row of cows and oxen. They were always munching their cuds, with watchful eye turned on passers-by, particularly the one on the end next the street. Of the four children born to this couple, two were well known as proprietors of a grocery store in Union Square in the sixties, George A. and Albert L. Sanborn. A daughter, Martha Maria, married Richard H. Sturtevant. Another daughter, Mary Jane, died while attending the high school.

Hannah Adams Stone is said by her granddaughter to have taken care of her father in his last years, and of those of her younger brothers and sisters who were at home, after the death of their mother in 1816. Lydia, it is said, lived with her sister, Mary Bonner. There were two children of the next generation belonging to Lucy, who married Mr. Bolles, in the family, also. Hannah worked in Geddis' twine factory previous to her marriage to David A. Sanborn, a brother of Robert Sanborn, on September 30, 1821. He was a farmer, and also engaged in the manufacture of bricks.

The writer has a vivid mental picture of these two aunts, who were called by their given names, Aunt Hannah and Aunt Martha, in the family, and not by their surnames, as was the case with Aunt Bonner and Aunt Vinal. There was a great contrast between them, in disposition, as well as in physical appearance. Aunt Martha was tall, dark, and of a serious demeanor. Aunt Hannah was short, fleshy, blue-eyed, and cheery, in spite of a lameness which lasted from early married life to the end of her days. There was a great contrast between the brothers Sanborn, also, though not so pronounced. Robert was short and roly-poly, always jolly and joking, while his brother was a large, tall man, of a keen, though dry, wit. David Sanborn was interested in the formation of the First Univer-

salist Church, and at the first meeting held his granddaughter on his knee. This couple celebrated their golden wedding by a family dinner party; the only guest outside the family was Rev. Mr. Russ, of the First Universalist Church, who made an address.

Daniel Stone lived and died a bachelor. He was a very fine horseman, with an erect, military carriage. He was prominent in the Lancers. He was in the grain business with Robert Vinal for a number of years. He always wore a high silk hat. He was guardian for the Grover children on the death of his father, and received their share of the estate in trust.

Thomas Jefferson Stone married Mary Rice, and they lived in Boston. They had two sons. One died at Nahant of typhoid fever, the other went West and disappeared. Both these brothers, Daniel and Thomas, though promising in youth, had a dreary old age, but found homes with relatives or friends.

Lydia, the youngest daughter, who had lived and grown up in the home of her sister Mary, met there a young man who came to the house on business with Mr. Bonner,—Robert Vinal, of Scituate. They were married May 21, 1820, and their first home was in Boston. In 1824 they moved to Somerville and, according to one authority, built a large, square house on Bow Street, near the corner of what is now Warren Avenue. Another authority says the house was inherited by Mrs. Vinal, that it was new, and had never been occupied. It may have been built by John Stone just previous to his death. It was a handsome and notable place for many years. There was an air of refinement and gentility about it which made it very attractive. Mr. Vinal took a prominent part in the formation of the First Congregational Society in Somerville, and was well known as Deacon Vinal here. Mrs. Vinal was very charming and easy in company, entering a room with a graceful courtesy. She always had a pleasing and agreeable manner; this is the testimony of one who remembered her well. She was frequently sent for in case of sickness. There were eleven children in this family, and all arrived at maturity: Robert Aldersey, Lydia M., Mary Eliza-

beth, Quincy A., Lucy A., Martha A., Alfred E., Edward E., Margaret F., John W., Emmeline A.

John Stone died in 1819, and on the partition of his real estate a good slice fell to each married son or daughter. Mary, the oldest, had a piece running up the hill from Washington street, on which she had already located, the present Bonner Avenue perpetuating the name. Hannah had a piece next westerly, Nathaniel had the next strip, where Stone Avenue runs through now, Lydia Vinal next, to or somewhat beyond Warren avenue, Martha Sanborn next, up to Walnut street, and Lydia again west of Walnut Street. The lots of land were somewhat unequal in size and value, and the balance was made by means of money, which Lydia paid, she having a much larger share of land. Sanborn Avenue will carry down that name, and Vinal Avenue, Aldersey Street, and Quincy Street will recall members of the Vinal family.

Since so many men of two generations connected with this story had a part in it, perhaps a digression here may be pardoned, to refer to an institution which attained great prominence for a number of years in the early days of Somerville as a town. In 1838 the Charlestown authorities assigned a "tub" hand engine, Mystic No. 6, to duty in "Charlestown's big back yard." In August the selectmen appointed the foremen and engineers, and among them we find the names of David A. Sanborn, William Bonner, Daniel Stone, Robert Vinal, and Robert Sanborn. The salary of the firemen, all volunteers, was \$1.50 per annum, paid by abatement of the poll-tax. In 1840 Robert A. Vinal was clerk and treasurer. In 1849 a "Hanneman tub" was purchased by the town, and the department was organized with Nathan Tufts as its first chief engineer. He was followed by Abram Welch, Robert A. Vinal, and John Runey.

"A small bell was hung in the cupola of the engine house. For years, even after the Somerville company was organized, an alarm of fire could be rung only by means of this bell. For years, also, according to a law then in force, every man in town was required to hang two buckets, usually of leather and

painted, in his front hall, and when an alarm of fire was sounded it was his duty to seize those buckets, hurry to the fire, and range in line with others to assist in passing water from well or cistern to the men who worked the engine."

In 1846 the "boys' company," so called because composed of young men from sixteen to twenty years old, was organized. According to some of its members, David A. Sanborn was assistant foreman. Other members were Quincy A. Vinal, Robert A. Vinal, Albert L. Sanborn, and Daniel Sanborn.

In November, 1849, the town appropriated money for the purchase of a "good and sufficient fire engine." It was styled Somerville, Number 1. The selectmen appointed a board of fire engineers, and more than fifty men at once enrolled in the company. Soon it was one of the leading and most popular organizations in the town, and as such was closely identified with the social life here. There was a patriotic spirit in it, too, for the first flagstaff in town was put up by the firemen in 1853, in Union Square. They also contributed liberally toward the first building erected by the Methodists, on Webster Avenue. In 1865 the hose company was organized, and David A. Sanborn and Jairus Mann were sent by the town to New York to select a hand hose carriage.

Proceeding now to the second generation from John Stone, we see a group of cousins, young men and maidens, who met in the social life of the time. Some had spent their schooldays at the old Milk Row School; the younger ones may have attended a school at Central Square. A few had been given further privileges in the educational line. One of the sports which many, if not most, of the young men of the time enjoyed was gunning. The marshes of Chelsea were convenient and favorite places for this pastime; possibly Walnut Hill, where Tufts College is now, also. When guns got out of order it fell to the mechanic of the crowd, familiarly called "Jonty," to repair the same. Balls, with dancing often prolonged till daylight, were another recreation. The young women had their sewing circle, and doubtless developed ability in buying cloth and cutting and making garments.

One of the "young men" has furnished reminiscences which may be of interest. When asked in regard to the woods round about Somerville, he said that "the wood had all been cut off in Revolutionary times. There was no forest round here; the nearest approach to it was on Prospect Street, where the gas-holder stands, just this side of Cambridge Street. We used to cut birches for stable brooms. Where the Bell Schoolhouse is was a pasture; a little lane ran up to it just above the Methodist Church. We let down a pair of bars, and ran across to the corner of the Johnson land. There were plenty of rose bushes and wild gooseberries.

"We played with powder some, and came pretty near having an accident. Powder was for sale, all the stores were licensed, 'licensed to keep and sell gun-powder.' The Orcutt boys came up with their box of powder one day. They were making fusees, and there was an explosion. The boys scattered. Horace and George Runey came over very often. One Fourth of July they came and wanted us to go to Boston to see the fireworks. Father did not want us to go, and set us to hoeing a little field of cabbages that morning. So when they appeared I was as busy as I could be, and could not go. We could hear the Orcutt boys firing a salute. We sent the Runey boys up there, telling them we would come when we were ready. So they started off as merrily as could be, but it was not an hour before a crowd of people came into the yard bringing George Runey. Some one had maliciously put a charge of shot in the cannon, and one had penetrated George's eye. One of the Orcutt boys was hurt, and George Runey lost his eye.

"The Orcutt boys used to go gunning in the evening for muskrats on the creek. There was a little power mill on the creek, and it was a great place for eels; we often caught a barrellful in one night. We used to get bullfrogs in the brook that ran through from Walnut Street to Washington Street. We depended on the brook in dry times.

"I went to school in Central Square. They had beautiful penmanship then. Mr. Pierce, Miss Wheeler, and Miss Dodge

were the teachers. We boys were regularly engaged to sweep out the schoolhouse. It was made very easy, two or three boys one week, and so on.

"The best playground round the Square was a ten-acre lot near the Hawkins House. A building used to stand on it. Later Uncle Robert hauled one home from near there, with twenty-four yoke of oxen."

Robert Aldersey Vinal, son of Robert and Lydia (Stone) Vinal, born in Boston March 16, 1821, entered the grain business with his father; then formed a partnership with Edwin Munroe, and later with his brother, Quincy A. He was interested in the development of the town, and served as selectman, town treasurer, and member of the water board. He, with his brother Quincy, was a charter member of the Boston Corn Exchange, now the Boston Chamber of Commerce. He was active in the First Congregational Society in Somerville, was its treasurer for a number of years, and superintendent of the Sunday School. He married Almira L. Pierce, of Revere, and after living a few years in that town, built a house on Walnut Street in Somerville in 1849. He was of a particularly social nature, always genial, decided in opinions, active and pushing when a new enterprise in which he was interested was at the front. Three of his six children now occupy the home on Walnut Street.

Quincy Adams Vinal was born in Charlestown September 23, 1826, in the vicinity of Union Square. After a successful career in the grain business with his father and brother, and in the grain commission business, he filled many positions of trust in public and private life. He was a trustee of the estate of Charles Tufts, who founded Tufts College, an assessor, representative in the legislature, a member of the common council, and on the board of aldermen. He was a member of the committee to lay out Broadway Park, and spent much time in supervising the work. He was interested in the founding of the Public Library; was the first president of the Somerville National Bank, and a director and president of the Cambridge Gas

Company. He was active in the First Congregational Society of Somerville, and was for many years a deacon. He married Augusta L. Pierce, of Revere, and they lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

A sister and two brothers also lived in Somerville, Alfred E., John W., and Lydia, who married John Runey.

David A. Sanborn, son of David A. and Hannah Adams (Stone) Sanborn, was born April 21, 1828, the youngest of four children, but the only one who continued to live in Somerville after arriving at maturity. He became a contractor and builder, and was a man of enterprise and public spirit, taking his share in offices of responsibility and trust. He was on the board of assessors, an overseer of the poor, chief engineer of the fire department for seven years, president of the Veteran Firemen's Association, and treasurer of the Firemen's Relief Fund. He was an active member of the First Universalist Church. He married Ann Sarah Magoun, and they rounded out fifty years of married life at their home on Prospect Street. Two children survive their parents.

Nathaniel Tufts Stone, son of Nathaniel Tufts and Sarah (Rand) Stone, was born January 19, 1823, and lived all his life, except the first three years, on the Rand homestead, at the foot of Central Street. He was one of the young men who helped to set the bonfire on Spring Hill, to celebrate the event of the setting off of Somerville from Charlestown. In the first Somerville directory he was called "yeoman." He carried on farming, and had an innate love for the life, and for the livestock incidental to the business. He planted an orchard, and some of the trees are still bearing fruit on the Unitarian Parsonage grounds. He was one of the last to drive a load of native hay, made on his own land, through the streets of Somerville, for his own use. Much of his hay, that grown on meadow ground, was very long, and went to the American Tube Works for use in some part of their manufacturing. He married Evelina Cutter, of West Cambridge.

Jonathan Stone, son of Nathaniel Tufts and Sarah (Rand)

Stone, was born December 28, 1819, in the old house at Union Square, twice before referred to in this paper. After school-days, he worked for a time in the Middlesex Bleachery, making boxes; then went to Cambridgeport to learn the carriage-making trade of Mr. Davenport, afterward one of the firm of Davenport & Bridges. Here, or when he worked for Edmund Chapman, of Cambridge, he became acquainted with Silas Holland, for whom Holland Street was named, and with Frank Chapman, for whom he afterwards worked. The young men kept up a friendly rivalry at their work, trying to see who would be the first to show a carriage body put together in the rough after a day of brisk work. In 1850 he established a home, and started business for himself at Union Square, making chaise bodies and carriage and wagon bows, and also buggy bodies for Thomas Goddard. When the Somerville Light Infantry was formed he was chosen armorer. Of a retiring disposition, he took little part in public affairs, being content with turning out first-class work in his chosen vocation. The day's work was livened by the whistling of merry tunes. He had a warbling whistle which rivalled the bobolink's note. He was a constant attendant at the meetings of the First Congregational Society in Somerville. He was a trustee of the Somerville Savings Bank from the beginning until his death, in 1896. He married Emma M. Cutter, of West Cambridge. After living for twenty years at Union Square, he moved to Central Street, and built on the spot occupied by his former home a brick building which bears the family name.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON NECROLOGY.

To the Somerville Historical Society: The Committee on Necrology hereby submits its report for 1908-'09. The members who have died during the year are Charles D. Elliot, Quincy E. Dickerman, Lemuel H. Snow, Mrs. John F. Ayer, and Charles Williams, Jr. The detailed report follows.

Yours respectfully,

D. L. MAULSBY,
AARON SARGENT,
ELIZABETH A. WATERS.

Our esteemed citizen, Charles Williams, Jr., passed away April 14, 1908. He was born in Chelmsford, Mass., March 2, 1830, but very early in his life his parents took up their residence in Claremont, N. H., where most of his school days were spent, and where his father was prominent in town affairs, being sent to the legislature, and interested in all matters pertaining to the betterment of the town. He also made great efforts for the success of the Universalist Church, of which he was a staunch member.

The family, however, removed to Somerville in 1846, and occupied the house then standing on the present site of the Pope School on Washington Street. The house was removed later to Boston Street, and is still occupied by members of one of our old families. Mr. Williams, Sr., removed to the house which he built on Cross Street, and members of the family are still residing there. Charles Williams, Sr., was born in Milton, Mass. His wife, Rebecca Frost, was born in Charlestown, Mass.

It will be seen that Charles Williams, Jr., was sixteen years old when the family became permanent residents of this city, and he had the educational advantages only which the town of Claremont, N. H., and this city afforded at that time. But he very early showed his preferences and turn of mind for a mechanical career, especially in the department of electricity, which

led him later into the manufacture of telegraph and telephone instruments, and which by patient and untiring efforts crowned his life with success. For it was in his office and factory that Professor Bell, the famous telephone inventor, was able to express and explain his ideas, and finally to perfect, with the aid of Mr. Williams' technical knowledge of instruments, that machine, the telephone, which has revolutionized the whole business and social departments of the world by the quick transmission of speech. Mr. Williams had the distinguished reputation of having manufactured every telephone instrument in the world until 1885. In the year of his retirement from active participation in business, the manufacture of telephones was transferred to the Western Electric Company of Chicago, where his interests continued to within a year of his death.

Mr. Williams married in 1864 Caroline Adelaide Cole, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus E. Cole, residents of this city from the year 1846. Mr. Williams followed in the faith of his father, in the Cross Street Universalist Church. His father, associated with Edwin Munroe, Erastus E. Cole, and others, was one of the founders and builders of the First Church, and when it was completed Mr. Williams, Sr., became the first superintendent of the Sunday School, remaining its head for many years. Upon his retirement, he was succeeded as superintendent by his son, Charles Williams, Jr. Mr. Williams always retained his interest in the church, and was willing to contribute to its support. He left a widow and two children. The children of the union were: Lester Holmes Williams, now resident of Medford; Herbert Farmer Coe Williams, who died in 1879 at five years of age; and Mrs. Mary Williams Kidder, a resident of Winchester.

Mr. Williams was of very quiet disposition, extremely fond of books and reading, and with an ambition for traveling the wide world over, in which he took great pleasure, having visited all places of interest in his own country, and a number in foreign lands, until about ten years ago, when, overtaken by disease, he rested in his beautiful home, happy in the society of his books,

and in his deep affection for wife, children, and all members of his family.

(Prepared by Miss Elizabeth L. Waters.)

Vashti Eunice Ayer was born in Norwich, Conn., June 29, 1845, daughter of Nahum R. Hapgood, of Shrewsbury, and Emily (Chase) Hapgood, of Sutton. She was educated in the public schools of Worcester, and graduated from the Worcester High School in 1864. She taught in the schools of Worcester, Newton, and Somerville (in Somerville at the Prescott School). She was assistant to the superintendent of schools of Somerville from 1893 to 1897. She was married to John F. Ayer October 14, 1897. From 1898 to 1904 she served the Somerville Historical Society as corresponding secretary. She died at Wakefield April 13, 1908.

Gordon A. Southworth, superintendent of schools, said of her :—

“Possessed of rich natural endowments, refined and cultivated in her tastes, a lover of the best in literature, nature, and art, cheerful, kind, generous, and loving, Mrs. Ayer impressed all who knew her with the strength and beauty of her character. For many years unusual burdens fell to her lot, which she bore with exemplary patience and fortitude. Long a teacher in Worcester, Somerville, and Newton, she left the impress of her character upon the minds and hearts of hundreds, by whom she will be long remembered.

“Called to a position of responsibility in the administrative department of the Somerville public schools, she displayed executive and business ability of a high order, winning by her geniality and tact the confidence and regard of all.”

Lemuel Harlow Snow was born in Eastham July 5, 1823, and died May 6, 1908, in Somerville. He had come to Somerville sixty years before with his father, who was a well-known carpenter in the town. Mr. Snow was for many years a street car conductor on the old Cambridge Street Railway.

Before Somerville became a city, he was for a few years a patrolman, and from 1875 to 1878 performed similar duties after the incorporation of the city. From 1878 to 1886 he was engaged in carpentry with a brother. In the latter year he was chosen truant officer, and fulfilled these duties faithfully and generously until his death. During the twenty-two years of his service he proved himself very efficient. His interest in the delinquent child was more than official, and tended to the correction and improvement of boys and girls who might otherwise have become criminals. Besides his membership in the Somerville Historical Society, Mr. Snow belonged to John Abbot Lodge, A. F. and A. M., Oasis Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Wono-haquaham Tribe of Red Men. He was also a member of the Massachusetts Truant Officers' Association. He left a widow.

(Acknowledgments to the Somerville Journal.)

Quincy E. Dickerman was born in Stoughton July 15, 1828. He was educated in the Stoughton schools and the Bridgewater Normal School. Before graduation he had charge of a winter school in the town of Dartmouth. Later he taught at Chilmark on Martha's Vineyard, at Fairhaven, and at Sharon. Then he went to Phillips Andover Academy to fit for college. But he spent only a short time there, for the school committee of Stoughton called him to teach in his home town. Here he continued at work until he came to Boston in 1856. Besides his duties as principal of the grammar school, he was elected a member of the school board of Stoughton, and later was secretary, and then chairman of the school committee. In December, 1856, Mr. Dickerman was appointed "usher" in the Mayhew School, Boston, of which Samuel Swan was then master. Four years later the title "usher" was changed to sub-master, and in this position Mr. Dickerman continued until the abandonment of the Mayhew School in 1876, when he was transferred to the Brimmer School. In November, 1880, he was elected master of the Brimmer School, and held this position until 1906, when he resigned, after thirty years' service in the school.

Mr. Dickerman was a successful disciplinarian, although strongly opposed to corporal punishment. He made a specialty of reading and declamation. He was also personally interested in physical science, including chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. He was successful in interesting his pupils in these subjects, and also in developing among them good habits and manly character.

Mr. Dickerman became a member of the Somerville school board in 1880, and served twenty-six consecutive years; he seldom missed a meeting. No other member has served so long. He showed himself progressive,—desirous that the Somerville schools should have the best methods and the best teachers that the city could afford. He introduced the anti-cigarette order, which was adopted by the board in the year 1901. He was a warm advocate of manual training. Before his retirement the board passed resolutions highly complimentary of his services.

Mr. Dickerman married, November 25, 1862, Rebecca M. Perkins, daughter of Joseph P. and Sarah P. Perkins, of Charlestown. His wife had taught as the first assistant in the Warren School, Charlestown. In 1869 Mr. and Mrs. Dickerman moved to Somerville, and in 1872 built the house corner of Central Street and Highland Avenue, which they occupied until the death of Mrs. Dickerman in January, 1906. Mr. Dickerman died January 25, 1909.

He was a member of Soley Lodge, A. F. and A. M., a past high priest of Somerville Royal Arch Chapter, a trustee of the Somerville Hospital from its organization, a member of the Winter Hill Congregational Church, the Appalachian Club, and the Somerville Historical Society.

Two children survive him, Frank E. Dickerman, of Somerville, and Mrs. Grace H., wife of Henry S. Hayward, of Mankato, Minn.

Two interesting oil paintings of Mr. Dickerman are in existence, one by Wallace Bryant, now in the house of his son, 47 Craigie Street, and the other a full-length portrait by Alfred Smith, in the Brimmer School, Boston.

(Acknowledgments to the Somerville Journal.)

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE AUTHOR OF "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" <i>Mary A. Haley</i>	25
REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHERN PRISON LIFE <i>George W. Bean</i>	32
THE WALNUT HILL SCHOOL <i>Frank M. Hawes</i>	41

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HISTORIC LEAVES

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1909

No. 2.

THE AUTHOR OF "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

By Miss Mary A. Haley.

[Read Before the Somerville Historical Society December 8, 1908.]

Columbus Tyler was born in Townsend, Vt., in 1805. He had no special education save the training of the farm, the home, the meeting-house, and the common school. At the age of twenty-one he came to Boston, and in a few months secured the position of attendant at the McLean Asylum in Somerville, Mass., and in a few years he had passed through all the grades of its services. He remained there thirty-six years. He was associated with such distinguished men as Dr. Wyman, Dr. Luther V. Bell, and Dr. Booth, and was on most friendly terms with those who succeeded him.

In 1835 he married Miss Mary E. Sawyer, of Sterling, Mass. In 1862 he gave up his position at the asylum, and built a handsome residence near the corner of Central and Summer Streets. This house is now occupied by the Unitarian minister and his wife. In the house are two full-length portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.

His taste and skill in laying out his grounds were remarkable. He knew the habits and history of all the trees on his grounds, and something of the parasites that fed upon them.

He was a representative to the State Legislature for two years, and the oldest vice-president in point of service in the Five Cents Savings Bank at Charlestown, Mass.

Many private trusts were confided to him, and although he had no children, his wards were numerous.

He was a man of pure habits and resolute purpose. "The dominant note in his character was justice, and the harmonies of his life were set in that key."

His "last will and testament" caused much comment. He

bequeathed his home and grounds to the Unitarian Society as a residence for the clergyman of the Unitarian parish. Social meetings connected with the church were to be held there. Children with their attendants were to have free access to the grounds. He established a flower mission, providing a sum of money to be used each year by a committee of ladies in furnishing flowers for the sick and the afflicted. He also left a sum of money to be put in the bank for every boy and girl, at a certain age, who shall regularly attend church and Sunday School. About four girls have benefited by this bequest.

Mr. Tyler died September 14, 1881.

MRS. MARY E. TYLER.

Somerville is rich in historic associations. We have the Old Powder House, where the ammunition was stored previous to the Revolutionary War, and Prospect Hill, where the first flag was raised in 1776.

Great men have walked our country lanes, Washington and Burgoyne, of olden times; Enneking, the artist, John G. Saxe, the poet, and Edward Everett, the preacher, have lived in later days within our borders. Even the Pundita Ramabai from the Far East has paid a flying visit to our city. No poet, artist, preacher, or historian is so well known among English-speaking people as the subject of this paper, the "Mary who had the little lamb."

It was by no conscious activity on her part that she became famous. She was one of those rare creatures who have greatness thrust upon them. Yet she bore her honors meekly.

Mary E. Sawyer was born in 1806 in the town of Sterling, Mass. It was through this town that King Philip marched, burning the houses and killing and taking captive the white people. She graduated from the schools of her native town, and then for a while taught school in Fitchburg. Her love for her little charges made her very popular, but her health failed, and she was obliged to seek a change of occupation.

In 1827 she secured a position in the McLean Asylum,

where she remained thirty-five years, the greater part of the time as matron. In her long career of usefulness she ministered with skill and affection to the sick and unfortunate. In 1835, while in this institution, she married Columbus Tyler, who was steward there at the time.

Mrs. Tyler and her husband were among the first founders of the Unitarian Church in this town. For many years she superintended the infant class in the Sunday School, and also interested herself in the larger work of the denomination.

When Mr. Tyler resigned from the asylum he built a spacious house on Central Street, and there Mrs. Tyler dispensed a gracious hospitality. She was interested in most of the city organizations, particularly the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Woman's Relief Corps.

On the north side of their house was a wild wood garden. In it she had every variety of fern and delicate wood flower. In her summer journeyings, when she saw a rare plant, she secured a specimen for her garden. Those most difficult of cultivation responded to her care. She gladly welcomed her little friends in the neighborhood to assist her in her work, and their assistance was not always helpful. On one occasion she left two little boys of five and six years to amuse themselves with shovel and wheelbarrow while she took a nap. When she came out she found the ferns entirely cleaned from one bed and thrown on the rubbish pile. Her only rebuke was a gentle: "My little dears, you have done a great deal of mischief, but you did not mean it." These two boys were Rollin T. Lincoln and Edward B. Raymond, who are now married and have children of their own.

Her friends were often the recipients of a beautiful bouquet, arranged with the skill of an artist, and the birthdays of the boys and girls in the neighborhood were always remembered with flowers. The lonely and bereaved welcomed her sympathetic visits. Always thinking of others, and never of herself, she lived a life of beneficence and charity, and died lamented by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. She died December 11, 1889, and was buried in Mt. Auburn.

The following account of the lamb is from the pen of a cousin, William Brewster Sawyer, and was published in the Boston Transcript :—

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

THE FAMOUS HISTORY FROM THE LIPS OF THE ORIGINAL MARY.

"There are floating about in the great ocean of literature stray chips of song or story, which from their wit or wisdom, or from some unaccountable reason, become popularized and cherished more carefully than whole navies of world-renowned authors. Their parentage unknown, they come as literary foundlings to our doors, and, once admitted, command their own place in our affections. Among such is the poem, 'Mary Had a Little Lamb.' There is hardly a child in the broad land who has not become familiar with the verses, nor a college student but has sung them to a dozen different tunes. It has been parodied, paraphrased, and translated into the dead languages. And yet scarce any one knows who is its author, or whether it is fictitious or founded on fact. It is perhaps in the truth of the story that the secret of its popularity lies. For it is the true account of an incident that happened years ago, not fifty miles from the Cradle of Liberty. The writer, on a recent visit, craved from her own lips the true story of the affair, and will reproduce it as nearly as possible.

"'It was when I was nine years old,' she said, 'and we lived upon the farm. I used to go out to the barn every morning with father to see the cows and sheep. They all knew me, and the cows, old Broad and Short-horn and Brindle, would low a good morning when I came to their stables. One cold day we found that during the night twin lambs had been born. You know that sheep will often disown one of twins, and this morning one poor little lamb was pushed out of the pen into the yard. It was almost starved and almost frozen, and father told me I might have it if I could make it live. So I took it into the house, wrapped it in a blanket, and fed it peppermint and milk

all day. When night came I could not bear to leave it, for fear it would die, so mother made me up a little bed on the settle, and I nursed the poor thing all night, feeding it with a spoon, and by morning it could stand. After this we brought it up by hand, until it grew to love me very much, and would stay with me wherever I went unless it was tied. I used before going to school in the morning to see that the lamb was all right and securely fastened for the day. Well, one morning, when my brother Nat and I were all ready, the lamb could not be found, and supposing that it had gone out to pasture with the cows, we started on. I used to be a great singer, and the lamb would follow the sound of my voice. This morning, after we had gone some distance, I began to sing, and the lamb, hearing me, followed on and overtook us before we got to the schoolhouse. As it happened, we were early, so I went in very quietly, took the lamb into my seat, where it went to sleep, and I covered it up with my shawl. When the teacher came and the rest of the scholars, they did not notice anything amiss, and all was quiet until my spelling class was called. I had hardly taken my place before the pattering of little feet was heard coming down the aisle, and the lamb stood beside me ready for its word. Of course the children all laughed, and the teacher laughed, too, and the poor creature had to be turned out of doors. But it kept coming back, and at last had to be tied in the woodshed till night. Now that day there was a young man in school, John Roulston by name, who was on a visit to one of the boys, and came in as spectator. He was a Boston boy, and son of the riding school master, and was fitting for Harvard College. He was very much pleased over what he saw in our school, and a few days after gave us the first three verses of the song. How or when it got into print I don't know.'

"Thus she ran on, telling of the care she bestowed on her pet until it grew to be a sheep, and she would curl its long wool over a stick; and it bore lambs until there was a flock of five all her own; and finally how it was killed by an angry cow. Then she brought out a pair of her little girl stockings, knitted of yarn

spun from the lamb's wool, the heels of which had been raveled out and given away piecemeal as mementoes.

"John Roulston died before entering college. What the world lost in him, who wove into verse that immortalized them both the story of Mary and the lamb, no one may say.

"William B. Sawyer."

The teacher was Miss Harriet Kimball, who afterwards became the wife of a Mr. Loring, and their son was the proprietor of the well-known circulating library in Boston.

John Roulston was the nephew of Rev. Samuel Capen, who was then settled in Sterling. The day after the lamb's visit to school young Roulston rode over to the schoolhouse and handed Mary the first three stanzas of the poem:—

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

"It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

"And so the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear."

Of its snow-white wool she knitted some stockings, and in 1886, when the patriotic women of Boston wished to raise money for the preservation of the Old South Meeting-House, they asked Mrs. Tyler to assist by giving a pair of these stockings. She complied with their request. The stockings were raveled, and bits of the yarn fastened on cards on which she had written her name. These sold for a hundred dollars. A second pair was raveled, and another large sum was raised.

John Roulston gave Mary the poem in 1815. She and her

friends naturally inferred that he was the author of it. No question as to the authorship was raised till in 1829 Mrs. Sarah Josepa (Buell) Hale, afterwards editor of Godey's Monthly, published a volume of poems for children, and included in them were six stanzas, entitled "Mary Had a Little Lamb." The additional verses are:—

"And then it ran to her, and laid
Its head upon her arm,
As if to say, 'I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm.'

" 'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'
The eager children cry;
'Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,'
The teacher did reply.

'And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your will,
If you are only kind.' "

If this was an incident in Mrs. Hale's life, as some of her friends assert, why doesn't the poem begin with "Sarah had a little lamb"? It has been printed "Lucy had a little lamb."

Mrs. Tyler's friends and Mrs. Hale's unflinchingly maintain their position. Mrs. Tyler's cousin, who lives in the same house in which she was born and married, deposed before a notary public that he attended school in the same schoolhouse, and that the facts referring to the incident of the lamb and the poem are true.

Both parties are honorable people, and the reasonable solution is that the verses are so simple that they almost make themselves, and when Mrs. Hale heard them in her childhood they became a part of her mental furniture, and for a time were forgotten. In later years memory unconsciously reproduced them as original forms, and she added the other three stanzas, believing that the entire poem was her own.

REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHERN PRISON LIFE.

By George W. Bean.

[The following story was written for the Memorial, a paper edited by Miss Mary E. Elliot, and published May 30, 1878, under the auspices of Willard C. Kinsley (Independent) Relief Corps, of this city. It is a story of the experiences in rebel prisons of George Washington Bean, for many years a member of the Somerville police force. It is presented herewith to the Historical Society for re-publication in *Historic Leaves*, as a contribution to the Civil War history of Somerville.—Charles D. Elliot.]

Somerville sent three full companies of infantry to the war,—one three-months' company in 1861, one three-years' company in 1862, and one nine-months' company in 1862. I enlisted for three years in Company E, Captain F. R. Kinsley, attached to the Thirty-ninth Regiment, which left Boston August 12, 1862, for Washington, and did arduous service in the defences of that city for a year, when it crossed into Virginia, and joined the Army of the Potomac.

On October 11, 1863 (the date of General Meade's grand retreat from the Rapidan River), Judson W. Oliver, F. J. Oliver, W. Lovett, H. Howe, J. W. Whittemore, F. J. Hyde, and myself, all of Company E, six others of the regiment, and one from the Ninetieth Pennsylvania of our brigade, who had been on picket on that river, were surrounded by 20,000 of Stewart's cavalry and taken prisoners, with about 500 others. We were sent to Culpeper, and confined that night in an old meeting-house.

Next morning we went on cars to Gardenville, arriving at night, being lodged in a four-story brick tobacco factory called Bartlett's, or Libby No. 3. We were in this place about a month; while there H. Howe went to the hospital sick, and soon after died.

We were next sent to Pemberton's factory near this, or Libby No. 2, being just opposite Libby No. 1. In the latter prison none but commissioned officers were allowed. There

were three floors in these buildings, and prisoners constantly arriving. Two hundred and fifty men packed on each floor, with a strong guard, not being allowed near the windows; but at times the men would venture to look out, and sometimes saw old Jeff Davis ride by in his barouche.

Our usual rations for twenty-four hours were half a loaf of corn bread, a mouthful of beef or thin yellow pork, or a half-pint of thin rice soup. No light, no fire; Union songs were not allowed to be sung, but the boys would sometimes howl them. We were allowed for a short time to write eight lines at a time, of a domestic character, unsealed, to our friends at home. I received but one letter.

Our government sent a large supply of rations and clothing, but we could get but little of it, and many of the boys were obliged to sell their clothing and shoes to the rebels to obtain food; but they would not have done so had they known what the future had in store for them. On the morning of January 1, 1864, the rebel sergeant and aides came in, as usual, to call the roll. Before going out, he said: "See here, Yanks, I wish you all a Happy New Year, and many a one here." Jud Oliver thought that a very consoling remark, and only wished the rebel's stomach groaned as his did. A few days after we were taken out of this place, at two o'clock in the morning, and sent down to Belle Isle, two miles distant, a small, low island in James River, opposite Richmond. There was snow on the ground, and many of the men were barefoot and in their shirt sleeves, suffering much cold. It was so cold for several days that the river, which had quite a current, froze over, during which we had no shelter but our blankets. For wood the rebels gave us green logs; we had no axes to cut it, and it would not burn. The only way we could survive was to walk the island nights and sleep in the daytime; and I know of our men here imploring the guard to shoot them, to end their misery, and many were shot by going too near the lines. One night twenty-four died, or were shot in the trench. We were on the island nearly two months, and what little food we got was mostly un-

cooked, chiefly corn meal, ground with the cob, hog beans, and hard, dry corn bread.

The men's stomachs soon rebelled at this food, and sickness and death followed. One day, while there, a small cur dog ran through the guard lines into our camp; he was instantly pursued by scores of men, caught and despatched, cooked, and the next morning his remains were sold for hot chicken soup at a high price. Many who had money eagerly bought and devoured it. And I saw a poor fellow walk up and eat some raw hog beans which a man had vomited up, after overloading his stomach with them. About this time poor Jud Oliver was taken very sick, being feverish and delirious and unable to walk. I assisted him to the boat, and bade him good-by, as I supposed for the last time on earth, and he was taken to the Richmond Hospital. About a month afterwards a special parade of 10,000 sick and wounded prisoners on both sides was agreed upon, and Jud was lucky enough to be one of them, and it seems as if he bore a charmed life, from the fact that he went to the parade camp, went home on a furlough, joined his regiment, in the first battle was taken prisoner again, but was soon released, rejoined the regiment again, came home at the close of the war, has been a member of the Somerville police force several years, and almost any pleasant night he can be seen meandering along his beat in the vicinity of the Elm House, Professors' Row, and Alewife Brook. About March 1 Belle Isle was overcrowded, and 500 of us were sent on box cars 500 miles to Andersonville. It took five days and nights to go there; one man died in our car the second day, but was not removed until we arrived. It was one mile from the railroad into the stockade, which was to be our future camp ground.

I can assure you, readers, that I feel very loath to undertake to describe this place, and the many horrid, thrice horrid scenes we witnessed there during our six-months' stay. When we left Belle Isle the rebels told us we were going to be paroled; they always told us that story when a move was to be made. Imagine our feelings, then, when, at two o'clock on that dark

morning, we were driven into that pen! When daylight came we found that we were in a clearing of about fourteen acres, in the midst of a dense pine forest.

One lot of 500 men had preceded us, making 1,000 now here. The trees had been felled and trimmed into posts twenty feet long, driven into the earth about four feet apart, and connected by narrow boards to a height of about sixteen feet. On top, and about 100 feet apart, were roughly-constructed sentry boxes for guards, approachable from the outside only. On the inside of this stockade, about fifteen feet from it, running entirely around the yard, low posts were placed at intervals, having a narrow board nailed at the top from one to the other; this was called the "dead-line," as any one who touched that lumber was shot dead in his tracks; and I saw a poor fellow shot through the hip who had not touched, but stood near it. He died before morning, and it came near costing me my life, for, much incensed, I called the murderer a name that I will not repeat, and he, hearing me, aimed his gun at me, but I jumped behind a stump and lay there till evening; I changed my hotel before morning. We had plenty of wood, it being the limbs and tops of trees.

As we had no barracks, the only shelter the men had was their blankets. As the nights were cold, large bonfires were kept burning, by which we tried to keep warm; but most of us had been robbed of our blankets, and suffered a great deal from the cold. I saw many thousand men enter this prison robbed of their blouses, coats, haversacks, boots, shoes, caps, etc., by their captors.

Some of Sherman's men cut their bootlegs off and slit the uppers to make them worthless to the chivalric rebels into whose hands they fell. Near the end of the sixth month of my stay, the prison having been enlarged to twenty-four acres, containing 39,000 prisoners, 10,978 had died. The rations were brought in wagons driven by negroes. General Wirtz had command, without doubt the meanest looking specimen of a human villain one ever looked upon. The boys called him a

Dutchman, but I believe history calls him a Swede; he was dark, about five feet nine inches high, weighed about 125 pounds, spare, very stooping gait, a quick, short stepper; his dress was very nobby, generally citizen's of various hues; he wore a lady's fine gold chain about his neck, with several turns across his glow-worm-colored vest. When we arrived Wirtz detailed a number of our men to go outside and build log cabins for his quarters and other purposes; these men had to take the oath of honor not to go more than one mile from the stockade. Going out at sunrise, they came in at sunset; for their hard day's labor they received an extra ration.

Wirtz and the officers of the guard came in every morning to count us for rations, and to see if any had escaped through the night, the men standing in line in two ranks. The whole were divided into detachments of from twenty-five to 250 each. Our sergeant had charge of the rations for each squad, and if any men were missing, they were held responsible, and the rations of the whole camp would be stopped until some man divulged when, where, and how he or they got out. Many times we got no rations for three days, but finally the secret was starved out of some man who knew. They generally escaped by the tunnel process, as follows: A party would put three blankets together, get as near the dead line as practical, erect a booth or tent, and pretend to dig a well inside of about six feet in diameter, the soil here being sandy, without a stone. Having dug to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, they would start a hole, as high up as they could reach from the bottom (about five or six feet from the surface), a trifle larger than a man's body, and with their hands paw the sand from the tunnel hole into the well when the tunnel was beyond the stockade; the men would then wait for a dark, stormy night, and then "git." I had a hand in one of these tunnels with some sailors, Austin Littlefield, of East Somerville, being one of them. We had worked it for weeks, when the day preceding the night we had selected to go out, a traitor informed on us, and Wirtz, with a strong guard, came in and crushed it. The next day the traitor was discov-

ered, and he was taken by the rebels from the hands of our men more dead than alive. He never came inside again.

Several of these tunnels caved in upon the men when in them, and numbers were killed; although many got out this way, few escaped to our lines. Wirtz kept a large pack of bloodhounds, which tracked our boys ere they could get far. When caught, they were kept outside in what was called the chain gang. Their wrists would all be chained together, and each dragged a ball and chain; when one went they all went, and all took step together; few survived the treatment long.

Andersonville was composed of two long, sloping hills; at the very foot of these, and in the centre of the camp, was a brook. When we entered, scraggy trees and poisonous vines completely filled the brook, and it could be called nothing but a bog; but in time, as the woods grew scarce, the men dug out these trees, vines, and even the small roots, several feet under ground, and after much work made a canal of it, about twenty feet wide, and in dry time about six inches deep. The brigade of rebels who guarded us were in camp just outside the stockade, on a hill sloping down to this brook. They washed all their clothes and bathed in it, and we were obliged to drink the dirty water; it produced a great deal of sickness and death. The men protested to Wirtz, but in vain; and it was a common remark of the rebels to us that, the more they could kill in this and other ways, the less they would have to feed and fight. Often at roll-call many of the men were so sick and weak that they could not stand, and would sit on the ground, and often have I seen that beast Wirtz walk up and kick them like dogs. Wirtz always wore a belt; in it he carried two large revolvers. Once when I was sick and had eaten nothing for several days, one morning at roll-call, it being very warm, I was unable to stand, and sat in the rank. Wirtz came up near me, and, drawing a revolver from his belt, said: "If that Yank don't stand up in the rank, I'll put fire to him." The men on each side of me quickly raised me up and held me until Wirtz passed out. As time passed on, the rations grew small. The more prisoners, the worse the

fare; the meals were cooked outside. At one time they pretended to make a mush, or duff, in large tanks containing hot water. The unsifted meal ground with the cob would be thrown into these by the barrel. When taken out and issued to us, unsalted, a little of the outside would be cooked, but inside was raw. Once in a while a little rice or a few black beans, cooked just as they were picked, pods, strings, and dirt, but often raw, were given us. For a while our rations were but a pint of cornmeal, they saying it was all they had to give us, that we were eating them out of house and home, and for many days I drew my rations in my hands and ate it dry, being very thankful to get that.

The last of August 500 of us were sent on cars to Savannah, into another stockade. In a few days 10,000 men had arrived. We were here about six weeks; rain fell most of the time, and once for three days the camp was flooded to our knees.

We could not lie down, and, with many others, I got the fever and ague. For six weeks I suffered terribly. I was then sent to Blackshire Station, near the Florida line, where we stayed two weeks. From there we were sent to Fort Darling to be paroled. On the way I escaped from the train, and, being very tired, lay down under a tree for the night. At sunrise we saw the train pass out of sight; we started down the river, hoping to get to our gunboats, but at sundown three squads of rebel pickets suddenly appeared around us, and took us to the Oglethorpe Guard House in Savannah.

They kept us here three days, and in that time twenty-nine more of our boys were brought in. Many others were shot in the attempt to escape, and we were all put into a car and sent to Charleston (S. C.) jail. Next day they marched us through the city, and we had the opportunity of seeing the havoc that shot and shell from our harbor forts had made. From here we were sent on cars to Florence, S. C., and put into another stockade; this was on December 1, 1864.

There were 10,000 men here, and I found among them many Massachusetts boys, some of them my old schoolmates; but

there was a sad contrast in their appearance here and when I last saw them.

They told me I had come to an awful place, but when I told them my story they were silent. But there was great suffering and death here; it was a second Andersonville, in proportion to numbers; the rations grew smaller every day. We were next taken to Wilmington, N. C. We camped outside the city, for our navy was shelling the place at the time, and our generals would not agree on armistice for the parole of prisoners. We were sent back to Goldsboro riding on open cars. At this time I was barefoot, and there being a heavy frost, my feet were frost-bitten.

The rebels appointed six of our men nurses, to care for the sick, and I was one of them; it then being near a parole, they wished to save every man possible. In attending to the wants of so many sick, I neglected myself, and contracted a severe cold, which a few days after settled into a fever; but I managed to keep up until we went on board our transports. Wilmington was taken, our troops took possession of the city, and marched ten miles from it into the interior towards Goldsboro; then an armistice for parole of prisoners was agreed upon, and they went into camp. We were sent again on the cars to them, the train halted in the woods, and there for the first time for many months we beheld the glorious old banner of the free, moving defiantly. To us it was a glorious sight, and many of the men wept like children. General Schofield received us, and made an address, in which he said: "I expected to behold a hard-looking body of men, but I did not expect to look upon a mass of living skeletons." He then turned his head away and wept for a moment, then, turning to the men, he gave each good advice about eating, etc. Had some of them heeded it, they would probably have saved their lives.

Most of the troops here were colored, and they gave us a warm greeting. They had erected large arches of evergreen, through which we passed, and a band of music stationed at each arch played the national airs. After passing

through the camp ground, we halted on a beautiful lawn for the night. The troops had here provided for us a bountiful collation of hot coffee, hard tack, and fresh beef.

Of course the men were ravenous, and, their stomachs being very weak, it proved to be a fatal meal to many of them. The next morning we walked to Wilmington, and in the evening went on board a transport steamer, bound for Annapolis, Md. We were three days in going, in a severe storm, and I had a raging fever. Arriving at the wharf, I was carried on a stretcher to the Naval School Hospital, and for three days I did not open my eyes. The surgeon told me that the only medicine he could give me for several days was a little cordial on a sponge pressed to my teeth; he gave up all hope of my recovery, but a kind Providence ruled otherwise. Having good care, I recovered.

When I was able to walk they showed me a box they had expected to put me in. I was here about a month. As soon as the sick were able to be moved, they were sent to hospitals in other cities, this being the nearest landing to rebeldom. I was next sent to Camden Street Hospital in Baltimore, and here I suffered terribly with my frozen feet.

I was here nearly a month, and most of that time I could not bear even the weight of a sheet on them. The surgeon tried every cure he could think of, but I got no relief, until finally I tried the cold water cure. It was a great risk, but in a short time it cured them.

There were about 500 men in this hospital. As soon as I was able to walk, I received a twenty-days' furlough to go home.

When I arrived in Somerville my father did not know me. I had been mourned for dead, having been reported so at the State House three times. My furlough having expired, I reported back to the hospital. Feeling pretty well, I was anxious to join my regiment, but the surgeon would not let me go. Being anxious to do something, I was appointed chief of the culinary department. On May 18, 1865, I was discharged from the hospital, and, with my back pay, my discharge papers, and a new

suit of blue, I bade them all good-by, took the cars for Washington, D. C., the boat for Alexandria, and climbed over Arlington Heights, where I found my old regiment. But they were few compared with when I last saw them.

I remained until the joyful news of peace was proclaimed; then I returned home.

THE WALNUT HILL SCHOOL.

By Frank M. Hawes.

[Read Before the Somerville Historical Society February 9, 1909.]

From a perusal of the names of persons selected year by year to look after the interests of the outlying schools of Charlestown, it will be safe to conclude that a school district, extending well up to Arlington Centre from the Powder House, was in existence by 1730, or as early as the more famous one, long known as the Milk Row School, whose history has appeared in *Historic Leaves*.

From 1790, and for a number of years thereafter, this school, which we have designated by its location the Alewife Brook School, was known as School No. 3. Previous to 1786 there was no public school building. We are justified in making this statement from several references on the town records to private rooms that were hired for school purposes.

In the warrant, February 28, 1785, for the coming town meeting is the following: "To know the minds of the town, what they will do with regard to two petitions presented by the people at the upper end of the town requesting that one or more schoolhouses may be built there." March 7 it was voted to build two schoolhouses in that section (No. 4 being in the Gardner neighborhood), and May 1, 1786, the bills for the same, £40 each, were paid. The next November William Whittemore and

Philemon Russell were empowered to lay a floor, make seats, and lay a hearth at the school which we are now considering, but which was designated in that one instance "the Russells' School." Very appropriate would it have been if this name, thus unofficially reported, had been retained. Had such been the case, we might to-day be proud in having one school, at least, with a name perpetuating memories of an earlier time. As it is, none of our school buildings has a name which antedates the incorporation of Somerville in 1842.

May 10, 1802, we read that the schoolhouse near Alewife Bridge is to be repaired at an expense not exceeding \$100. At that time, or later, we conclude that this building, less than twenty years old, had been considerably damaged by fire, for the trustees are given discretion to repair or build anew. May 3, 1803 (1805?), the reported expense for rebuilding, in addition to \$100 previously voted, was \$400.

Some time after 1801, but before 1812—the school records for that period are lost—this school was known as No. 4. The change was necessitated by the creation of a new district at the Neck. For the year last mentioned No. 4 had an attendance of thirty-four scholars, a number which did not vary materially from that time to the very end of its existence, although in 1814 we read of a membership of fifty-eight, at which time we have the first recorded name of a teacher there, that of Jacob Pierce, or "Master Pierce," as he was called. The next winter we find him teaching this same school, when he received \$123.75 for his services. The two brothers, Philemon R., Jr., and Levi Russell, were pupils of Master Pierce, a very good teacher, but tradition says that he used to fortify himself for his daily duties in the schoolroom by carrying a little "black strap" in his boot-leg! He was a fine penman, and made all his pupils "good writers."

April 3, 1818, the trustees examined School No. 4, when about forty scholars were present out of a total of fifty-two. J. Underwood was the teacher. This was without doubt James Underwood, afterwards one of the trustees, who died in office March 4, 1840.

March 18, 1819, the school received its customary visit, when J. Haywood, then in charge, is pronounced an excellent teacher, and his school gives a fine exhibition. The male teachers next named were Simeon Booker, for the winter of 1819-'20, and Mr. Colburn, for 1820-'21. Nothing has been learned of these gentlemen; the latter may have been Joshua O. Colburn, who taught the Milk Row School a few seasons later. At his examination, March 22, 1821, twenty-two girls and fifteen boys were present out of an enrollment of fifty-four. "The school was addressed by Rev. (Edward) Turner, and closed with prayer."

From time to time the records give us the names of the trustees in charge of this district. For the years 1822-'23 the school near "elewife bridge" was superintended by Samuel (P.) Teel. The next year James Russell was in charge. An oil portrait of this gentleman may be seen at Arlington in the home of a descendant. For 1826-'27 Nathaniel H. Henchman was the local trustee. This gentleman, who lived in what was later known as the Porter residence, and later still as the Morrison-Durgin place, died while in office that year.

The first lady teacher in this district whose name has come down to us was Miss Sarah Perry, who taught during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1825. The late Mrs. Lucretia Russell Carr, granddaughter of the above-named James Russell, vividly remembered Miss Perry, who was her first teacher. Her words were: "She boarded with my grandmother and I liked her." Mrs. Carr was then but three years old.

Other female teachers of this period were Hersina Knight, 1826, and Miss Ann Brown, 1827, the latter of whom, on being transferred to a school in Old Charlestown, was succeeded July 3 by Elizabeth Gerrish. Later Miss Gerrish taught the lower Winter Hill School. For the summer of 1828 Miss Miranda Whittemore was engaged, a daughter of Jonathan Whittemore, of West Cambridge. His homestead is still standing on Massachusetts Avenue (nearer to Boston than the John P. Squire estate). Miss Whittemore was the first teacher of Mrs. Susanna

Russell Cook, to whom the writer of these pages is greatly indebted for information. She must have been a good teacher, as she was employed for several seasons. Later she became the wife of a Mr. Butterfield, a neighbor's son.*

We now come to the name of Philemon R. Russell, Jr., who seems to have been first employed as a teacher in his home district for the winter of 1825-'26. For a number of winters after that, although not consecutively, we find him thus engaged. It was he who taught the last winter term, 1841-'42, under Charlestown control, and also the first and second winters after Somerville was established. Mr. Russell was employed more than once to teach at West Cambridge, in the district known as "the Rocks." Philemon Robbins Russell was born January 2, 1795, and died June 6, 1863, at the age of sixty-eight. He received his education in an academy at Lexington. Russell Street of this city was named for him, and it was in that neighborhood that he lived and died. He married Miss Mary Wilkins, of Unity, N. H., and was survived by two daughters, Mary M., the wife of Edwin R. Prescott, and Susan E., the second wife of the late Amos Haynes. The annual report of the trustees for 1838-'39 says of Mr. Russell: "His efforts and skill are worthy of the highest commendation. He insisted upon the thoroughness of all his pupils. His uniform practice is, if a pupil makes a blunder in recitation, he is compelled afterwards to repeat that part of his answer correctly, as a word going around the class must be spelled correctly by each one who has failed, no matter how much time it takes."

After 1829 our school, which is sometimes designated on the records as the West Cambridge Road School, was officially known as District No. 6. During the following winter, 1830-'31, James Swan was appointed to teach in the "Russell District." He completed the term, and the next year at the "Female Writing School, Charlestown," closely followed Reuben Swan, who had resigned February 2, 1832. According to Wyman, who

*Arlington Vital Records: Samuel Butterfield and Miranda Whittemore were married January 31, 1839.

gives this line of Swans, Reuben and James, the latter born in Dorchester in 1809, were the sons of Reuben Swan, Sr., and Ruth Teel, who were married in 1804. Seven of their sons, including the two mentioned, were school teachers. According to my informants, this family at one time lived on North Street, West Somerville, on the old Cook place, which had originally belonged to the Teels (the mother's people).

The winter term for 1831-'32 was taught by S. N. Cooke. Mrs. Carr told me that he was an Englishman, and a fine man. She was twelve years old that winter. During the next year there were two teachers for the winter term. Joseph S. Hastings, of Shrewsbury, who had taught a term in the Gardner District (sometimes called the Woburn Road School), seems not to have been successful. January 28, 1833, he requested to be discharged from his duties, "with reasons," and the trustees granted his petition. Philemon R. Russell, Jr., finished out the term.*

Miss Whittemore, who had taught acceptably for five successive summers, was succeeded in 1833 by Miss Kezia Russell, daughter of William Adams and Kezia Teel Russell, and an elder sister of the late Mrs. Carr and the late Mrs. Rebecca Russell Stearns. Two years later Miss Kezia was again in charge. Soon after this she married a Mr. Hatch, a farmer of Saugus.

For the winter of 1833-'34 H. K. Curtis, of Stoughton, was the teacher for four months, at a salary of \$30 per month. He had forty-one pupils. He was liked as a teacher, and boarded in the family of Philemon R., Sr.† Other male teachers, besides Philemon R. Russell, for the winter school, after Mr. Cur-

*Shrewsbury Records: Joseph Southgate Hastings, son of Jonas and Lucy, born June 8, 1796; Joseph S. Hastings and Joanna Newton, of Westboro, married at West Cambridge June 14, 1833.

†Hiram Keith Curtis, of Stoughton, graduated from Harvard College in the class of 1833. He was made A. M., and died in 1888 at East Stoughton, now Avon. After graduation he adopted the profession of civil engineer. He entered the office of Loammi Baldwin at Charlestown, and remained there a number of years. About ten years after graduating, while shooting, he met with an accident by which he lost an eye and one hand. This incapacitated him for his work. After that he retired to his old home.

tis and before the separation from Charlestown, were: Henry J. Jewett,* 1834-'35; Norwood P. Damon, son of Parson Damon, of West Cambridge, and later employed as a teacher in the Prospect Hill School†; Samuel (or Richard) Swan, not related to the other Swan family; Levi Russell, 1836-'37, and again 1840-'41,‡ who was also employed at Prospect Hill, and whose career as a teacher we shall endeavor to notice in some future paper; and George P. Worcester, 1837-'38. By chance we have preserved for us the names of nine pupils who went to Levi Russell during the winter of 1840-'41. We also have very creditable specimens of their penmanship dating from that time. Their names and ages were: Aaron P. Dickson, eleven years; Elisha Frost, seventeen years; John A. Magoun, thirteen years; Emeline Teel, thirteen years; Horatio Teel, fourteen years; Louisa Teel, thirteen years; Thomas E. Teel, sixteen years; Louisa H. Winnik, twelve years; Mary Warren.

For the summer of 1834 Miss Martha McKoun, of Charlestown, was the teacher. Mrs. Cook remembers her well. Wyman's "Charlestown" says that John McKoun, printer, by wife Abigail had a daughter, Martha K., born June 22, 1816. The year 1836 is interesting, as it introduces to us the name of that faithful and very efficient teacher, Miss Sarah M. Burnham,

*Henry James Jewett, born in Portland in April, 1813, brother of Hon. Jedediah Jewett, mayor of Portland, and collector of the port; graduated from Bowdoin in 1833 with honor. He entered on the study of law at the Harvard Law School. He located at Austin, Tex., where he was county attorney and judge of probate. He served on the staff of Governor Houston. In 1870, while on a visit to New York, he died. He was married and left children.

†Damon Genealogy, page 55, etc.: Rev. David Damon (grave at Arlington), born in Wayland September 12, 1787; graduated from Harvard in 1811; studied theology in the Cambridge Divinity School; ordained at Lunenburg in 1815; installed at West Cambridge in 1835; died June 25, 1843, in his fifty-sixth year; made D. D. by Harvard the day before his death; married October 16, 1815, Rebecca Derby, of Lynnfield; she died in Boston in October, 1852 (born in 1787). Son, Norwood, born in Lunenburg October 7, 1816; never married; resided in Boston.

‡The Russells told the writer that George Swan lived at Arlington, and used to drive past every day on the way to school. On records I find George Swan and Eliza Ramsdell, intention, August 24, 1834.

who began her labors in Charlestown at the Russell District (or was it at Gardner Row?). Later she was transferred to Winter Hill for a term, and then to Milk Row, but it was in Cambridge that she made one of the grandest of records. (See *Historic Leaves*, Vol. VII., No. 2.)

Other teachers for the summer, up to the formation of Somerville, were Miss Mary B. Gardner in 1837, Miss Clara D. Whittemore for 1838, '39, and '40, and Miss Elizabeth A. Caverno for 1841. Miss Gardner was the daughter of Miles Gardner, who resided just over the Alewife Brook on the Arlington side. She married a Mr. Pierce, and was last known to be living at an advanced age in Dedham, where she had a daughter who was a teacher in the public schools there.* "Miss Whittemore," the trustees' report says, "brought the school from a state of confusion to one of discipline," and inspired so much confidence that she was hired by the newly-elected committee of Somerville to resume her position at this school in 1842. At her examination, Friday, October 28, 1842, there were present of the committee Messrs. Hawkins, Allen, Adams, Russell, and Hill. Miss Whittemore came of a West Cambridge family.† Miss Caverno, according to the printed genealogy of her family, was born November 29, 1829, and died November 19, 1855. She was the granddaughter of Jeremiah and Margaret (Brewster) Caverno, and daughter of Arthur and Olive H. (Foss) Caverno. Her people were of Canaan, N. H., or vicinity. While teaching here she boarded at the Gardners', next door to the schoolhouse.

*Arlington Vital Records: Mary Gardner and Oliver Pierce, intention, December 25, 1842; Miles T. Gardner, of Dedham, and Martha E. Cotting, May 24, 1838.

Dedham Records: Oliver Pierce, of Dedham, and Miss Mary Gardner, of West Cambridge, intention, December 25, 1842.

†Perhaps she was this one (Arlington Records): Clarissa Davis Whittemore, daughter of Amos, Jr., born March 6, 1812, Paige's Cambridge; Amos, son of Amos Whittemore, married Rebecca Russell, of Charlestown, April 22, 1814. Clarissa D., their fourth child, baptized May 17, 1812; fifth child was Amos, a merchant and inventor; sixth child was James Russell Whittemore, born in 1818. Mrs. Cook says that Clara D. died of a cancer and unmarried.

Other names of teachers at this school, not found upon the records, but vouched for by my informants, were: Ruth, daughter of Luke Wyman; Jason Bigelow Perry,* of Rindge, N. H., and brother of Miss Perry already mentioned; a Mr. Munroe; and Miss Georgiana Adams, of Medford.

During the summer of 1838 repairs were made on the school building, under the direction of the local trustees, Alfred Allen and James Underwood, at an expense of \$248.74. From December, 1839, when the first grammar school on Somerville soil was established at Prospect Hill, until the division of the town, the school we have been considering was known as the "ungraded district school in the Russell District."

On the formation of Somerville in 1842, and the separation of school districts, this old school building passed into the possession of Arlington. As no provision could be made at once for a schoolhouse in Somerville, the spring and summer term, as I am informed, was kept in the old quarters, and from our first school report we learn that Miss Clara D. Whittemore received \$72 for six months' services in the Russell District. It may be interesting to know that this venerable and useful structure is still in existence. Some time in the 1840's, about 1845 or 6, my informant (F. E. Fowle) thinks, it was moved farther up into Arlington, and during the past sixty years has done duty as a tenement house. It stands on Franklin Street, fifth house on the right from the main street, and is numbered 35.

*Rindge (N. H.) Town History: John Perry (James and Lydia), baptized in West Cambridge in 1755; married (second wife) Abigail Bigelow, daughter of Jason and Abigail (Witt) Bigelow, of Marlboro. Of their children, Sarah, born June 12, 1793, died unmarried March 19, 1842. The youngest of the family was Jason Bigelow Perry, born September 27, 1801. Colonel J. B. Perry lived on the homestead in Rindge. He showed commendable interest in the welfare of the town, the schools, and all laudable public enterprises. He was an influential and useful citizen, and was much employed in public affairs. He received a commission in the Twelfth Regiment of Militia, and retired with the rank of colonel. He served in the Legislature of 1852 and 1853; was selectman sixteen years; chairman of War Committee during the Rebellion; for thirty years treasurer of the Congregational Society. He married November 11, 1828, Sally Wilson, daughter of Major Supply and Sally (Scripture) Wilson, of New Ipswich. They had nine children. He was living in 1875.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHARLES DARWIN ELLIOT	<i>Frontispiece</i>
OUR SEAL	<i>J. Albert Holmes</i> 49
CHARLES DARWIN ELLIOT—FAMILY HISTORY	53
MEMOIR	<i>J. Albert Holmes</i> 56
MR. ELLIOT'S ARMY RECORD	<i>Levi L. Hawes</i> 64
ADDRESS OF WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG AT MEMORIAL SERVICE OCTOBER 31, 1909	69
ADDRESS OF F. M. HAWES AT MEMORIAL SERVICE OCTOBER 31, 1909	72

HISTORIC LEAVES

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE

Somerville Historical Society

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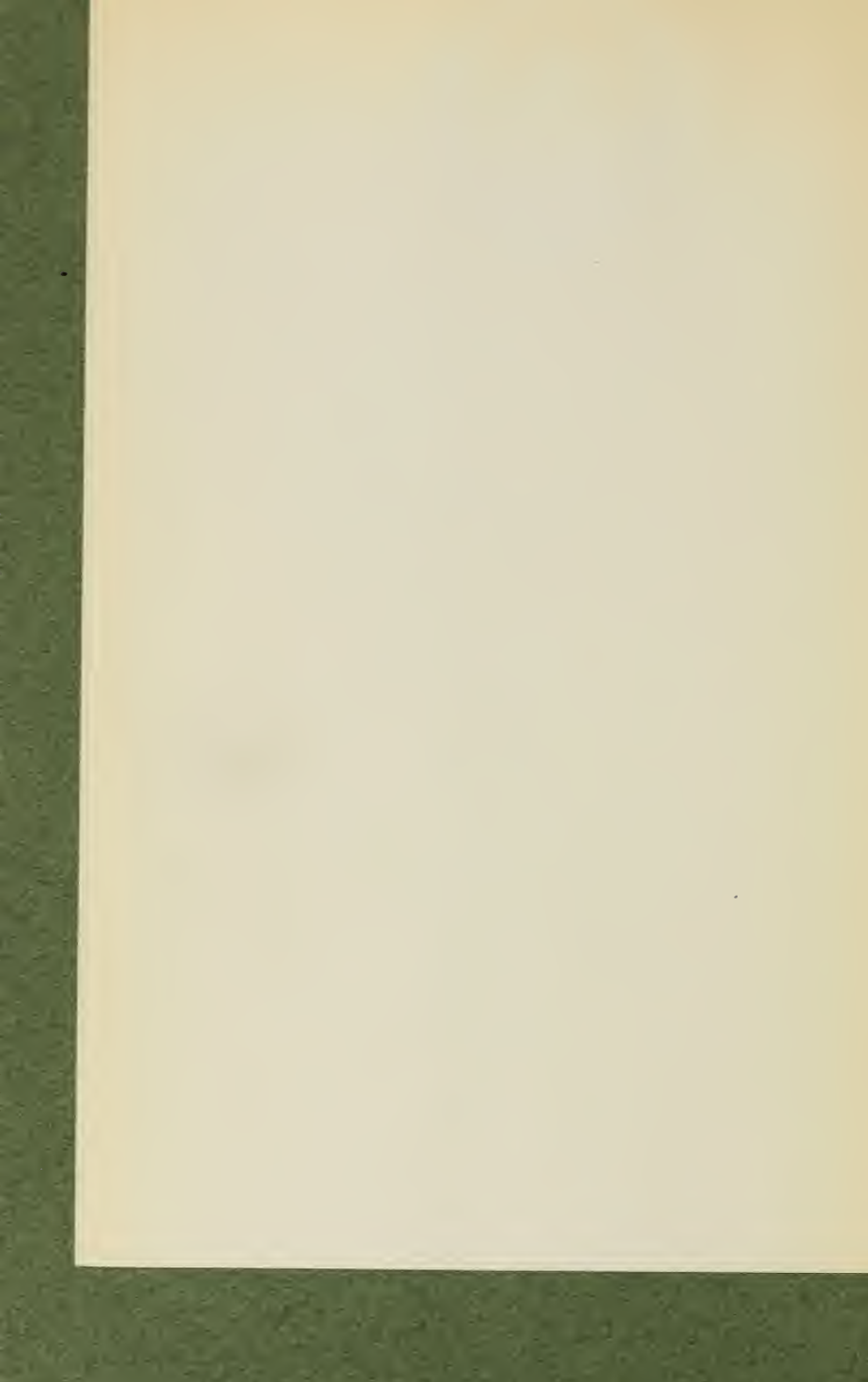
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CHARLES DARWIN ELLIOT

HISTORIC LEAVES

MEMORIAL NUMBER

VOL. VIII. OCT., 1909, and JAN., 1910. Nos. 3 and 4.

OUR SEAL.

By J. Albert Holmes, for the Committee.



Charles D. Elliot, always interested in the Historical Society, was an active member of its Seal Committee. The Seal as finally adopted appears for the first time in this issue of *Historic Leaves*, and the Somerville Historical Society affectionately dedicates the first use of it to his memory.

The original drawing of the Seal was made in April, 1909, by William Henry Upham, of Somerville, an artist and illustrator, and a descendant of John Upham, of Weymouth and Malden, 1600-1681.

It consists of a shield outlined in gold, on which appears illustrated, also in gold, the launching of the *Blessing of the Bay*, the raising on Prospect Hill of the first American flag, and the Old Powder House. The shield is surrounded by a looped ribbon of blue, on which in gold letters is the name, "*Somerville Historical Society*," and the date of organization, "1897."

Regarding the *Blessing of the Bay*, "Some time in 1631," to quote Mr. Elliot, "the governor (Winthrop) seems to have

come to Somerville territory and established himself at Ten Hills, where he evidently lived during the summers of many years, Charlestown peninsula, and later Boston, being his winter residence. On July 4, 1631, he built a bark at Mistick, which was launched this day, and called the Blessing of the Bay.

"This was at Ten Hills Farm, in Somerville, just east of the present Wellington Bridge. She was of thirty tons burden, and was the first craft built in Massachusetts large enough to cross the ocean. She was constructed of locust timber, cut on the farm, and was built by subscription at a cost of £145. In 1632 she was converted into a cruiser to suppress piracy on the New England coast. Her energies were to be particularly directed against one David Bull, who, with fifteen Englishmen, had committed acts of piracy among the fishermen and plundered a settlement. She therefore may lay claim to the honor of having been the first American vessel of war." Mention of the ship is made several times in the Colony Records up to 1692.

The Cambridge Chronicle in 1852 stated that the identical "ways" on which the Blessing of the Bay was built were still in existence and in fair preservation. James R. Hopkins, chief of the Somerville Fire Department, who was familiar with the locality, and John S. Hayes, master of the Forster School, together with two firemen, William A. Perry and William A. Burbank, in May, 1892, secured a portion of the "ways" from which the bark was launched. Three vases and two gavels were made of the wood secured, and one of the gavels is now in the possession of the Historical Society.

From the Somerville Journal Souvenir number, March 3, 1892, we take the following:—

"The Powder House, or old mill, at West Somerville is unquestionably the most interesting historical relic in Massachusetts, and it has, indeed, but few rivals in New England. The exact date when it was built is not known. It was originally a grist-mill, and was probably built by John Mallet, who came into possession of the site in 1703-'04. In his will, made

in 1720, the grist-mill is left to his two sons. The mill was undoubtedly built several years previous to 1720, and for some time after that it continued to grind the corn for the farmers for many miles around.

"In 1747 the old mill, with a quarter of an acre of land, was sold to the Province of Massachusetts Bay for £250. After being remodeled it was used for storing the powder of the surrounding towns and of the province.

"The Powder House commemorates one of the earliest hostile acts of the Revolution. On the morning of September 1, 1774, General Gates sent an expedition to seize the powder at the magazine, and 260 soldiers embarked at Long Wharf in Boston and proceeded up Mystic River, landing at Ten Hills Farm, from where they marched to the Powder House. The 250 half-barrels of powder which the magazine contained were speedily transferred to the boats and removed to Castle William (now Fort Independence), in Boston Harbor. A detachment of troops also visited Cambridge, and carried off two field pieces which they found there. The news of the seizure of the powder spread with great rapidity, and on the following morning thousands of armed men from the surrounding towns assembled on Cambridge Common, ready to oppose the forces of the king.

"The Powder House was used for storing powder until the erection of a new magazine at Cambridgeport." In 1836 it came into the possession of Nathan Tufts, in whose family it remained until May 28, 1892, at which time it was presented to the city, together with one and one-half acres of surrounding land, to which three acres more were added by purchase. One of the conditions under which the gift was made was that the Powder House be kept perpetually in repair, and that the land surrounding it be made into a public park and forever maintained as such, to be called the Nathan Tufts Park. The conditions have been fully carried out by the city.

The bronze tablet on the Powder House, setting forth its history, was placed there by the Massachusetts Society of

the Sons of the Revolution on September 1, 1892, 118 years after the seizure of the gunpowder by General Gage. "The Old Powder House is about thirty feet high, with a diameter of fifteen feet at the base. Its walls, which are of bluestone (probably quarried on the hillside), are two feet thick. Within, the old structure formerly had three lofts, supported by heavy beams. Originally it had but one entrance, that on the southwest side."

The following is from Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution":—

"On the first of January, 1776, the new Continental Army was organized, and on that day the Union flag of thirteen stripes was unfurled for the first time in the American camp, Somerville, Mass. On that day the king's speech was received in Boston, and copies of it were sent to Washington, who, in a letter to Joseph Reed, written January 4, 1776, said: 'The speech I send you. A volume of them were sent out by the Boston gentry, and farcical enough, we gave great joy to them without knowing or intending it, for on that day, the day which gave being to the new army, but before the proclamation came to hand, we had hoisted the Union flag, in compliment to the United Colonies. But behold, it was received in Boston as a token of the deep impression the speech had made upon us, and as a signal of submission. So we hear by a person out of Boston last night. By this time I presume they begin to think it strange that we have not made a formal surrender of our lines.'

"The flag bore the device of the English Union, which is composed of the cross of St. George, to denote England, and St. Andrew's cross, in the form of an X, to denote Scotland. It must be remembered that at this time the American Congress had not declared their independence, and that even yet the Americans proffered their warmest loyalty to British justice, when it should redress their grievances."

CHARLES DARWIN ELLIOT.**FAMILY HISTORY.***

Charles Darwin Elliot, son of Joseph and Zenora (Tucker) Elliot, was born in Foxboro, Mass., June 20, 1837.

Among Mr. Elliot's ancestors were Major Eleazer Lawrence, Lieutenant Eleazer Lawrence, Captain Jonathan Wade, Lieutenant Nicholas White, Samuel Scripture, Marshal-General Edward Mitchelson, Marshal-General John Green, John Nutting, Zachariah Hicks, and Thomas Eliot, all soldiers in the King Philip's or other Colonial wars; also, Ensign John Whitman and Samuel Champney, soldiers in the King Philip's war, and deputies to the general court; also, Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, Ruling Elder Richard Champney, of Cambridge, and William Pitt, high sheriff of Bristol, Eng.

Thomas Eliot, above mentioned, was admitted a freeman of Swansea, Mass., February 22, 1669, and became a member of the Baptist church under Rev. John Myles; he was one of the proprietors of Taunton North Purchase. Of his ancestry no record has been found. He died in Rehoboth, Mass., May 23, 1700, and his wife Jane, whom he probably married about 1676 or 1677, died in Taunton, Mass., November 9, 1689. They had five children: Abigaile, Thomas, Jr., Joseph, Elizabeth, and Benjamin. Thomas, Sr., was a corporal in Captain William Turner's company in King Philip's war, in 1675 and 1676; his sword, gun, and ammunition are mentioned in the inventory of his estate. Joseph, his son, was born in Taunton March 2, 1684, and died April 21, 1752. He married, July 22, 1710, Hannah White, daughter of John White; she died March 5, 1775, aged ninety-two years. Their children were: Joseph, Jr., John, Hannah, Samuel, Nehemiah, Abigail, and Ebenezer. Nehemiah, son of Joseph, Sr., was born March 8, 1719, and died December 8, 1802; he was at one time treasurer of Norton North Precinct; he married, September 23, 1747, Mercy White, daughter of Lieutenant Nicholas White, of Norton; she was born July

*From the latest History of Middlesex County.

7, 1723, and died May 8, 1780. Their children were: Joseph, Nehemiah, Jr., Jacob, and Mercy.

Joseph, son of Nehemiah, Sr., was born in Norton June 25, 1749; he married, May 7, 1773, Joanna Morse, daughter of Elisha Morse; she was born September 17, 1751, and died December 6, 1837. Joseph Eliot was a minute-man of the Revolution, and marched at the Lexington alarm, April 20, 1775, for Boston; he served through the siege of Boston and, re-enlisting, through the campaign of New York and New Jersey under General Washington, and as corporal in the Saratoga campaign under General Gates; he died of disease while in the service, December 15, 1777. C. D. Elliot had his powder horn, canteen, and bayonet, and his letters to his wife while he was in the army. The children of Joseph and Joanna (Morse) Eliot were: Joel and Hannah. Joel was born August 30, 1775, and died at Foxboro, Mass., July 23, 1864; his wife, Mary Murray (Flagg) Elliot, was born in Cambridge July 14, 1782, and died in Foxboro January 23, 1865; she was daughter of Timothy and Sarah (Hicks) Flagg, and granddaughter of John Hicks, a member of the Boston Tea Party, and one of the Cambridge minute-men "who fell in defence of the liberty of the people, April 19, 1775," in whose memory the city of Cambridge has erected a monument in the old historic burying ground near Harvard Square, where they are buried. A tablet on Massachusetts Avenue marks the spot where John Hicks and three other patriots were killed by the flank guard of the British. Joel Elliot lived for many years in Cambridge, having a store near Harvard Square; he was at one time a member of the Cambridge fire department. In 1816 he moved to Foxboro, Mass., where he became a prosperous farmer; it was he who changed the spelling of the family name from Eliot to its present form. The children of Joel and Mary M. were: Mary Joanna, Joseph, Sarah Elizabeth, Caroline, Charles Edwin, Hannah, Timothy, Joel Augustus, and Nancy Maria.

Joseph, son of Joel and Mary M. (Flagg) Elliot, and father of Charles D. Elliot, was born in Cambridge, near Harvard

Square, January 1, 1807, and died in Somerville, Mass., July 7, 1874. He married, at Mt. Holly, Vt., December 24, 1835, Zenora, daughter of Stephen, Jr., and Sibil (Lawrence) Tucker. He built and settled in Foxboro Centre; he moved thence to Wrentham, from there to Malden, and in 1846 to Somerville, where for fifteen years he was station agent of the Prospect Street, now Union Square, station of the Fitchburg Railroad. He was at one time a member of the Somerville fire department, and in early life of the state militia; in his early days Joseph Elliot was much interested in politics, and was offered the postmastership of Foxboro, which he declined. He was identified with the old Democratic party in its contests with the Whigs, but became a Republican upon the organization of that party, and voted its ticket the remainder of his life. When a young man he became a Universalist; he was a zealous believer, and was one of the first members of the First Universalist Society in Somerville. He had a wide acquaintance with the leaders of the faith, among them Rev. Thomas Whittemore, editor of the Trumpet, who was a frequent visitor in his home.

Zenora (Tucker) Elliot, mother of Charles D. Elliot, was born in Mt. Holly, Vt., February 10, 1809, and died while on a visit to that place October 25, 1885, in the same room in which she was married. She was educated at Randolph Academy, Mass. In early life she was a Methodist, but later a Universalist; she was much interested in religious, literary, temperance, and soldiers' relief work. She was a respected member of several organizations. Her father, Stephen Tucker, Jr., was son of Captain Stephen and Abigail (Newell) Tucker. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., February 14, 1764, and died in Mt. Holly, Vt., December 26, 1828. During the burning of Charlestown, June 17, 1775, his mother fled with her children across "the neck" to Medford, constantly threatened with destruction from the British shot and shell which howled past their carriage. Stephen, Jr.'s, father was a sea captain, and was absent on a voyage at the time of the battle

of Bunker Hill. Stephen, Jr., married Sibil Lawrence, December 20, 1790, at Littleton, Mass. About the year 1795 or 1796 he removed to Mt. Holly, Vt., where he was for many years town clerk, selectman, and trial justice. Sibil Lawrence, daughter of Simon and Sibil (Robbins) Lawrence, was born June 10, 1770, and died April 16, 1813; in the Lawrence genealogy her ancestry is traced to John Lawrence, of Watertown, Mass., and thence by some back to Sir Robert Lawrence, of Ashton Hall, England, one of the crusaders, knighted in 1191 for bravery at the siege of Acre by Richard Coeur de Lion. Her grandfather, Lieutenant Eleazer Lawrence, was prominent in the Indian wars, and Simon, her father, was a soldier in the Revolution. The children of Joseph and Zenora Elliot were: Charles Darwin, Alfred Lawrence, and Mary Elvira.

MEMOIR.

By J. Albert Holmes,

Member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers.

Charles D. Elliot was educated in the schools of Foxboro, Wrentham, Malden, and in the old Milk Row School and the Prospect Hill Grammar School, Somerville, Mass., and in Henry Munroe's private school on Walnut Street, this city, which he left to enter, at the age of twelve years, the Hopkins Classical School, situated at that time on the south side of Main Street, now Massachusetts Avenue, a few rods westerly from Dana Street, Cambridge. This school was in existence from 1840 to 1854, and was supported from a fund left by Edward Hopkins, "for a grammar school in Cambridge." The teacher during Mr. Elliot's attendance was Edmund B. Whitman. Mr. Elliot was a member of the first entering class of the Somerville High School. The front portion of the present Somerville City Hall was built and dedicated April 28, 1852, as a high school. The school from 1852 to 1867 occupied the upper floor, and

afterwards, for a few years, the entire building. It was here during the years 1852 to 1855 that Mr. Elliot studied, first under Principal Robert Bickford, 1852-1854, then for a short period under a Mr. Hitchcock, who was in turn succeeded by Leonard Walker in 1855.

Mr. Elliot's engineering education began in the office of Stearns & Sanborn in June, 1855, and was the result of the interest in his mathematical ability shown by Daniel A. Sanborn, a member of the firm, and a near neighbor of the family. The other member was William B. Stearns, chief engineer, and afterward president of the Fitchburg Railroad. Mr. Sanborn was the founder of the Sanborn Insurance Map Company. The firm afterwards became Stearns & Stevenson, C. L. Stevenson being the new member. Mr. Elliot studied for his profession in this office until July, 1859, and most of that time was devoted to work on locations, bridges, and construction for the Fitchburg Railroad; but a part of his time was given to the city of Charlestown, on sewers and other city work, and to the Cambridge Water Works.

In July, 1859, he was appointed principal assistant under George L. Richardson, C. E., on the street surveys for the town of Somerville, and engaged in this work during 1859-1860. During 1860-1861 he was in partnership with T. Edward Ames, C. E., afterwards Brevet Major Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, and some time city engineer of Charlestown. They had offices in Winnisimmet Square, Chelsea, and in Somerville. In 1862 he was in the office of J. G. Chase, C. E., later city engineer of Cambridge, and was most of the time engaged in running levels, establishing benches, and making plans for sewers; also in making preliminary studies and plans for the Charlestown Water Works. During the year he drew for General Henry L. Abbot, of Cambridge, a plan of the siege of Yorktown, Va., from notes by General Abbot. The execution of the plan so pleased the general that he procured for Mr. Elliot an appointment from the War Department as Assistant

Topographical Engineer. (See next paper for Mr. Elliot's war record.)

In January, 1865, Mr. Elliot removed to Cambridge, Mass., and entered the office of William S. Barbour. During the year he was engaged in making railroad surveys from the limestone quarries to the lime kilns at Rockland, Me.

During 1866 and 1867 he was engaged in the manufacture of paper collars and cuffs, for which much of the machinery used was either invented or improved by Mr. Elliot, and all the patterns and designs used were his own. He was possessed of considerable inventive genius. Besides the machinery previously mentioned, he planned and made a working model for a lawn mower. This was previous to the Civil War, and long before this useful machine was known to commerce. Another of his practical ideas which antedated considerably its actual adoption by the War Department, was the use of plate armor for ships. He invented, shortly before the introduction of ironclads, a device for drawing copper bolts from ships so as to preserve the bolts; this device was patented. Still another practical idea of which he talked, as early as 1869 or 1870, was that of perforated pipes to be built into walls and partitions, and to be connected with the hose in case of fire. A patent for some such device has since been granted.

Mr. Elliot removed in the spring of 1867 to Brookline, and in the autumn of the same year to Newton Centre, Mass. In 1868 he was in the office of J. F. Fuller, engineer for the Boston Water Power Company, where he was engaged upon sewers and other engineering work in the Back Bay. He formed a partnership in 1869 with William A. Mason, C. E., of Cambridge, and during 1869-'70 was engaged in general engineering, street and land improvement, and the construction of the famous Beacon Trotting Park in Allston, now occupied by the Boston & Albany Railroad roundhouse and yards.

In April, 1870, he removed from Newton Centre to Cambridgeport, and in December of the same year returned to Somerville, where he opened an office in the newly-constructed

Pythian Block, Union Square. It was at this time, when asked by Ira Hill, the owner of the block, whom he would suggest as an occupant for the only remaining office in the building, that Mr. Elliot proposed that a newspaper be started, and upon this suggestion the Somerville Journal was launched. Previous to and during the winter of 1870-1871 he attended afternoon and evening lectures on chemistry, and engaged in laboratory work in mechanical and mining engineering, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

During 1871-1872 he was chief engineer of the Arlington Water Works, and in 1872 was elected the first city engineer of the newly-incorporated city of Somerville. In 1873 he was engaged in private practice, and employed by Middlesex County in the widening of Somerville Avenue and the re-location of the horse railroad from the side to the centre of the avenue, and the adjustment of the damages incurred by the widening. He was re-appointed city engineer in 1874 and 1875. Among the important engineering works carried on under Mr. Elliot as city engineer were the construction of the newly-widened Somerville Avenue, the construction of the Somerville part of the sewerage system for abolishing the Miller's River nuisance, which involved the construction of an eight-foot sewer in Somerville Avenue and the filling of Miller's River by digging off the top of historic Prospect Hill, and the construction of Broadway Park.

On January 30, 1875, Mr. Elliot moved into a house which he had built for himself at 59 Oxford Street, Somerville. From 1876 to 1880, inclusive, he was engaged in general engineering, and as an expert in sanitary, hydraulic, and railroad work. During 1881 and 1882 he made surveys and plans for one of the numerous Cape Cod Canal schemes. Following this and until 1890 he was engaged in making insurance surveys in Boston and vicinity and in Lynn. In 1887 he was made agent for the estate of James C. Ayer, of Lowell, and in his capacity as an engineer made plans of, and sold for the estate, all of its land

in Somerville, amounting to seventy acres.* In 1895-'96 he made for the Metropolitan Park Commission the surveys and plans for the Mystic Valley Parkway, from Winchester Centre to the Old Mystic Pumping Station at the western end of the city of Somerville, and performed for the same Commission some work in the Middlesex Fells Reservation. From 1887 till his death he was constantly engaged as a consulting engineer, and employed as an expert by railroads, municipalities, corporations, and private individuals, and in the adjustment of damages and awards, and the apprisement of real estate.

His activities covered a broad field, and his recommendations resulted in many public improvements. His was the first suggestion to extend the Mystic Valley Parkway from the Pumping Station near West Medford to the Old Powder House in Somerville, afterwards constructed by the city and called Powder House Boulevard. As engineer to the Cambridge Electric Light Company, 1902-'04, he made a request to the Charles River Basin Commission that a lock forty-five feet wide, with a depth of eighteen feet at low water, be constructed through the new dam at Craigie's Bridge, instead of one of less dimensions, which was done. He was deeply interested in the Cross-town boulevard through the eastern part of Somerville, to connect Middlesex Fells with the reservations south of Boston, and as chairman of a committee of the Somerville Board of Trade appeared many times before the legislative committee at the State House to advocate it, and finally succeeded in having a bill passed, which, however, was vetoed by the Governor for economic reasons.

Mr. Elliot was one of the founders of the Somerville Historical Society, of which he was president for three years. He took great pleasure in collecting ancient maps and manuscripts relating to American history, and particularly to Somerville.

*This was bounded approximately by Highland Avenue, Cedar Street, the main line of the Lowell Railroad, and Willow Avenue.

No person was better informed on the history of this section than Mr. Elliot, and he prepared a brief history of the town and city in 1896.

Though we have a number of articles from his pen relating to engineering, he wrote largely on historical subjects. His writings show complete knowledge of his subject, and are altogether interesting. A partial list of his publications is as follows:—

ON ENGINEERING.

As city engineer of Somerville, he prepared the reports for the years 1872-1874-1875; "Clay Pits and Free Baths," editorial in *Somerville Journal*, 1877; "Pollution of the Water Supply," *Somerville Journal*, about 1888; "What Somerville Needs," about 1890; "Civil Engineering as a Vocation," October 28, 1893; "A Feasible Metropolitan Boulevard for Somerville," December 29, 1894; "Proposed Charles River Dam and the Commerce and Industries of Cambridge," 1902; "Request for a Wide and Deep Lock in Charles River Dam," 1904.

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

Between February 8 and August 9, 1890, he contributed to the *Somerville Journal* nine articles on the following subjects: "Revolutionary Landmarks"; "Aborigines"; "The First National Flag"; "Paul Revere's Ride and the March to Concord"; "British Retreat from Concord"; "Battle of Bunker Hill"; "Old Roads"; "Historic Tablets"; "Historic Somerville"; and, following these, "The Early History of Ten Hills Farm," *Somerville Journal*, November 8, 1890, and May 23, 1891; "Somerville in War Times," and "Early History of Somerville," *Somerville Journal*, Semi-Centennial Souvenir, March 3, 1892; a brief "History of Somerville," in "Somerville Past and Present," 1896; "The Somerville Historical Society," "Myles Standish and the Plymouth Explorers," "Governor John Winthrop and His Ten Hills Farm," "Somerville in the Revolution," all in *Somerville Historical Society Souvenir*, November 28-

December 3, 1898; Genealogical Pamphlet, "Charles Darwin Elliot-Mary Elvira Elliot," 1901; obituaries, "Hon. Charles Hicks Saunders and Hon. Isaac Story," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 1, July, 1902; "The Stinted Common," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 1, October, 1902; inscription for Prospect Hill Tower, *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 2, January, 1904; "John Winthrop," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 3, July, 1904; obituary, "Quincy Adams Vinal," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 3, October, 1904; "The Blessing of the Bay," read before the Winter Hill Improvement Association, November 16, 1904; "The Old Royall House, Medford," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 4, April, 1905; "Union Square and Its Neighborhood About the Year 1846," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 6, April, 1907; "Somerville's Development and Progress," *Somerville Journal*, May 3, 1907; "Union Square Before the War," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 6, July, 1907; "Port Hudson," *Historic Leaves*, Vol. 7, October, 1908; "Charles Tufts," read before the Somerville Historial Society November 24, 1908; "Sketch of George O. Brastow," *Somerville Journal*, December 13, 1908.

Mr. Elliot became a member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers December 17, 1902. He was also a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers from August 7, 1872, to January 4, 1898; the National Geographic Society; Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange; Somerville Board of Trade, in which he took a very active part, and to which he devoted much of his valuable time. He was a member of the Men's Club of the First Universalist Church; the Winter Hill Improvement Association; the American Historical Association; New England Historic Genealogical Society; Sons of the American Revolution; and Delft Haven Colony of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Charles Darwin Elliot and Emily Jane, adopted daughter of Judge Nathaniel F. Hyer, were married in New Orleans, La., September 3, 1863. Five children were born of this union. He is survived by Mrs. Elliot; a brother, Alfred L. Elliot; a sister, Mary Elvira Elliot; and four children, Clara Zenora, Ella Flor-

ence, a professional genealogist, Charles Joseph, a civil engineer, and Adelaide Genevieve. The son was associated with his father in the engineering business, and has succeeded to his practice.

Mr. Elliot was very ill during the winter of 1907-'08. It was thought he had fully recovered from this attack, though his friends noticed a slight diminution of his accustomed vigor. His condition during the evening of November 24, while reading the paper on Charles Tufts before the Somerville Historical Society, caused great anxiety to his family and friends. He was much improved, however, on the following day, and went about his duties as usual.

On Saturday, December 5, Mr. Elliot spent the entire day out of doors. He must have become chilled by the exposure, for he was obliged to see his physician upon returning home, but was about the house on Sunday. During the evening he was taken seriously ill, and for a time it was thought he would not survive, and though he rallied from this attack and was in his usual cheerful frame of mind the following day, the possibility of his recovery was slight. From this time he did not leave his bed. There was another crisis on Wednesday, and the end came most peacefully the following morning. He died at 11 a. m. December 10, 1908. His death was due to heart trouble and other complications.

Services were held at his late residence, 59 Oxford Street, Somerville, on Sunday, December 13, and at the Winter Hill Universalist Church. The burial was at Woodlawn.

The Somerville Journal of December 18, 1908, gave a full account of the funeral services. The pastor, Rev. Francis A. Gray, paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the deceased, and again, at the memorial service, held October 31, 1909, spoke in eulogy of Mr. Elliot's many fine qualities as a citizen and a man.

Resolutions or letters of condolence were sent to Mr. Elliot's family from the Somerville Historical Society, the Somer-

ville Board of Trade, Willard C. Kinsley Post, No. 139, Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R., Somerville Woman's Relief Corps, Men's Club of the First Universalist Church, the Winter Hill Improvement Association, and the Haverhill Historical Society.

MR. ELLIOT'S ARMY RECORD.

By *Levi L. Hawes.* *J. Albert Holmes*

My acquaintance with our late friend and associate, Charles D. Elliot, dates from the birth of the Somerville Historical Society. From the acquaintance thus formed there naturally sprang a friendship that grew and strengthened, till the memory only remained.

I was quick to learn that we had, not a little, but much in common. In a heart-to-heart talk one day, friend Elliot made a remark that prompted me to tell him something of my feelings and emotions on that Sunday morning, December 14, 1862, as I stood on the parapet at Fort St. Philip and witnessed the passing of the fleet of transports bearing General Banks and his troops to New Orleans to relieve General Butler. Whereupon he very quietly and modestly said: "I accompanied that expedition." This was the first intimation I had of his connection with the Union Army. Needless to say, a fraternal feeling existed between us from that moment.

If from this point I quote freely from the History of the Nineteenth Army Corps, and from Mr. Elliot's paper on "The Siege of Port Hudson," read before the Somerville Historical Society, and printed in Historic Leaves for October, 1908, and from others, I trust you will hold me blameless.

The quality of the work of Mr. Elliot as an engineer and draftsman had become widely known, but the drawing of a plan of the siege of Yorktown, Va., from notes of General Henry L. Abbot, of Cambridge, was so finely executed that, in order to express his appreciation of the work, General Abbot procured for Mr. Elliot an appointment from the War Department as Assistant Topographical Engineer,

Leaving the virtues of the turkey to be discussed by others, Mr. Elliot, in his young, patriotic, and vigorous manhood, on the day before Thanksgiving took train for New York, and on December 4, 1862, embarked on the transport *North Star* with General Banks' headquarters staff, Nineteenth Army Corps, for the Department of the Gulf.

Upon arriving at New Orleans, December 14, 1862, General Banks took command December 15, although formal orders were not issued till December 17. So promptly did General Banks act that on December 16 General Grover's expedition got under way for Baton Rouge, and arrived there on December 17. The new staff of the department included Major David C. Houston, Chief Engineer, and Captain Henry L. Abbot, Chief of Topographical Engineers; the latter would therefore be regarded as Mr. Elliot's immediate commander. It appears from his paper on Port Hudson that Mr. Elliot commenced immediately to practice one branch of his profession, for he says that on January 14, 1863, he completed a detailed map of the Mississippi River from New Orleans to about thirty miles above Vicksburg—a piece of professional work that did him great credit. And now begins the first forward movement of the Nineteenth Army Corps in which Mr. Elliot participated. "By March 7, leaving T. W. Sherman to cover New Orleans, and Weitzel to hold strongly La Fourche, Banks had a marching column composed of Augur's, Emory's, and Grover's divisions, 15,000 strong. On March 9 tents were struck, to be pitched no more for five hard months." The troops proceeded to Baton Rouge, and there awaited the arrival of the delayed fleet. On March 12, all having arrived, General Banks for the first time reviewed his army. On March 13 and the day following the army marched to the rear of Port Hudson. Here the engineers found plenty of work in store for them, for the maps were more imperfect than usual; even the road by which the guns were to have gone into battery did not exist! Admiral Farragut's moving a portion of his fleet above Port Hudson before the hour agreed upon, and his signal either

not heard or not reported, placed General Banks in an awkward predicament. Briefly, the expedition was abandoned, and Banks returned to Baton Rouge, and then to New Orleans. On April 8 Mr. Elliot again moved with headquarters to Brashear, and for the next six weeks Banks, with Emory, Grover, and Weitzel, was skirmishing and fighting along the bayous of western Louisiana to the Red River. The two divisions into which the army had now been divided were commanded by Generals Banks and Grover, respectively. On April 12 Banks crossed to Berwick City, and here Mr. Elliot failed to connect with his horse and equipments, which mishap afforded him the opportunity of marching on foot for thirty miles, meanwhile participating in the capture of Fort Bisland, so called, on Bayou Teche. This was on April 13 and 14.

Here Banks ran up against Taylor's troops strongly entrenched on both banks of the Teche, while our troops were astride of it. After a stiff fight of two days Taylor made good his retreat at night, because Grover was so delayed in his march that he failed to get in Taylor's rear, as planned, and block his line of retreat. Brushing aside or pushing forward the Confederates, Banks reached Opelousas, "which," Mr. Elliot writes, "is one of the cleanest and prettiest towns in Louisiana. Here I rode in with our cavalry, and under orders seized and put a guard over the State Land Office, in which I found not only innumerable plans of that part of Louisiana, but also many arms stored under heaps of old papers and rubbish, among them the sword of the Confederate Colonel Riley, who had been killed in a recent engagement, and also the commission of another officer in the rebel army. Under instructions, I turned over all these trophies to our Provost Marshal. Soon after entering the town, I rode out to the outskirts, and narrowly escaped capture by an ambuscade in the woods near by, being warned by a slave to turn quickly, as the horsemen whom I was riding out to meet in the thick woods were rebels, not Union men, as I had supposed.

"On the march to Alexandria (reached about May 8) I was

taken sick with congestion of the lungs, or pleuro-pneumonia, and given clearly to understand that this was my last march; but, thanks to pleasant weather and several days' rest, I was soon convalescent. Reconnaissances by the Engineer Corps showed that there were fairly good roads nearly to the Mississippi; so orders were given, and the army commenced its march down the Red River. I, being on the invalid list, was carried down by boat . . . to Bayou Sara (May 21), several miles north of Port Hudson. From Bayou Sara we marched on the night of May 21 to the battlefield of Plains Store, arriving at 2 o'clock in the morning of May 22. I was carried in an ambulance. Augur had been attacked by the Confederates on May 21, but had driven them back behind their works with considerable loss. Banks' forces from the North now joined Augur's from the South, and the investment of Port Hudson was complete." On what date Mr. Elliot reported for duty I find no record, but it is well known that he rendered efficient service throughout the siege. He writes: "New batteries were erected, zigzags or approaches commenced, heavy guns borrowed from the Navy mounted, mines planned, and everything gave promise of a long and tedious siege. Our saps and approaches were run towards the rebel works to within a very short distance, and a mine was nearly completed and ready for its powder. This was done under the supervision of the Nineteenth Army Corps Staff of Engineers, who suffered severely at Port Hudson, three being killed and one wounded, out of less than a dozen of us in all." The mine was not exploded.

Port Hudson unconditionally surrendered July 8, 1863. From this date till July 26 Mr. Elliot had charge of the engineer's office, preparing meanwhile the official plan of the siege. This, too, was the work of an expert. In September he accompanied General Franklin on the Sabine Pass expedition. In October he took part in the second expedition under Franklin in the Teche district. This, also, was abandoned. Returning to New Orleans, he was stricken with malarial fever. For a short time in November he was detailed for service at Fort

Butler, and then to the Department of West Florida, under General Asboth, in December. Early in 1864 he was appointed engineer officer to General Grover in a proposed campaign against Mobile, where he had charge of construction of field fortifications in East Louisiana, for which he received from General Grover a personal letter commending him for his faithful and efficient service in designing and constructing the fortifications at Madisonville, on the east shore of Lake Pontchartrain. In the midst of this work the Red River campaign was entered upon, and Mr. Elliot was assigned to duty in this newly-formed army. He participated in all the fortunes and misfortunes of this campaign till Alexandria, on the Red River, was reached, when he was brought to a sudden halt by his not-to-be-avoided enemy, malarial fever, which entirely incapacitated him for further service in the Union Army.

Having executed the work in the army to which Providence had called him to the entire satisfaction of his commanding officers, Mr. Elliot, as a citizen engineer, received his honorable discharge from the Union service and returned to his Massachusetts home in April, 1864.

I have tried to give, though briefly and imperfectly, a chronological account of our late associate's army service. Let me add that commanding officers in the army have their own peculiar methods of showing their appreciation of the value of a man. Twice, at least, Mr. Elliot received special mention for meritorious service in the field, and was twice urged to accept a commission, both of which commissions he modestly declined to accept, the one act of his long and eminently useful life I deeply regret, because thereby he rendered himself ineligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic, for the comrades of which order he said and did so much! Nevertheless, for what he was and for what he did we revere his memory. Having conscientiously given the best there was in him to our common country in its time of dire necessity, he was satisfied to retire from the service with an honorable discharge as a citizen of this Grand Republic.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG AT MEMORIAL SERVICE OCTOBER 31, 1909.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: If I was to change my business or occupation, I would want to be a civil engineer. The study and education necessary to fit one for that work, the right sighting and accurate calculation, are the very things needed to start a man on his way for the business of life, be it what it may. George Washington was a surveyor, or civil engineer. He sighted a path through the trackless forest, set the corner-stones of towns, and ran the lines of estates in Virginia which stand to-day undisputed. The victorious army of the great Napoleon came to the bank of a river, and there found for the first time in all Europe something to halt their onward march. Calling his engineer, Napoleon said: "Tell me the distance across this stream." "Sire," said the engineer, "I cannot. I know no way by which it can be measured." "Tell me the distance across this river within one hour, or my corps will be without one of its engineers." Then came in play the training of the man in sighting and calculating distances. He fixed his eye on the opposite bank, where the water touched the shore; he pulled the visor of his cap down until it just met the edge of his view, and then, turning around, he sighted down the bank on which he stood to a certain mark. He paced this distance, reported his findings, and that night the army camped on the farther side of the river.

There are men with certain education and training whom we cannot do without; they are needed. No country can do without them, no army can do without them, no state, city, or town but must have its surveyor, or engineer.

Somerville is a city most prosperous and beautiful. It is a queen among the cities and towns of our glorious Commonwealth, and our friend had much to do with its beauty and prosperity. We were very fortunate in having for our first engineer Charles D. Elliot. He knew, as no one else could, the lay of the land, with its hills and its valleys. His trained eye saw

just how to convert its many hillsides, with their lines of beauty, into the city that we are now so proud of.

Mr. Elliot came to Somerville when he was nine years old. He was educated in our schools and in the Hopkins Classical at Cambridge. He then took up civil engineering, a calling suited to his taste and ability. In 1872-4-5 he was our city engineer. Then began the laying out of our streets with all the arteries of sewers, pipes, and wires which run through them. His eye sighted, his mind and cunning hand made the plans and established the lines which these should follow. Being brought into close touch with all our city's interests, he came to feel it a part of himself, for here he spent his early life, here he had his home, his family, his loved ones; his all was in Somerville.

I am to speak of the Board of Trade and Mr. Elliot's connection with it. The Board of Trade of our city is established, as it should be in every city, with one object in view, and that is to advance the interests of the community in every way possible. You are not surprised when I tell you that Mr. Elliot became a member of the Board at once, and put himself into the work of helping Somerville through its agencies.

The Board was organized in March, 1899; Mr. Elliot joined it in May. He had held the office of vice-president, was a member of several standing committees at different periods, and was a member of most of the special committees. I will name only a few of the more important ones, as those on boulevards, grade crossings, soldiers' monuments, rivers and harbors.

As a member of the boulevard committee, he saw the need of a connection, through Somerville, of the beautiful parks, driveways, and beaches on the north and east with the boulevards, parks, and fenway on the south and west of Boston. With our committee he worked earnestly, and if one of our governors had not used the veto power, Mr. Elliot and his friends would have seen the work completed with success, and we would now have a cross-town boulevard all our own.

As a member of the grade crossing committee, he was

deeply interested in the change of dangerous crossings at grade, and worked hard with some of us to do away with it, especially on the Fitchburg branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad, at Somerville Avenue, Medford Street, Webster Avenue, Park Street, etc. I wish he could see the advancement now made at Somerville Avenue. The construction has progressed so far that in a few weeks, we are told, we shall be able to cross in safety and without delays.

During the Civil War Mr. Elliot's services were promptly given to the country, and he did good and faithful work as a civil engineer in that branch of the service. His modesty alone kept him from having an officer's title attached to his name. On the special committee of our board for a memorial to our soldiers and sailors he did good work; his heart was in it. We now have the monument on our historic hilltop,—a work of art that will be a reminder for all time of love and sacrifice, home and country.

Rivers and harbors. You smile when our rivers and harbors are mentioned, we have so little of them. But Mr. Elliot had a vision of what might be done with our Mystic River front, and the picture of its beauty, as he would have it, was stamped upon his mind, and he often talked of it to his friends.

On several occasions he delivered interesting and valuable addresses before the Board. He was an active participant in our debates, a most constant attendant; he enjoyed his membership with us, and we enjoyed him.

On his death suitable resolutions were adopted, and our members attended his funeral services. We miss him from our membership, and as I think of it to-day, I do not know where we are to find one to fill his place. I knew him so well; he was so companionable and entertaining; he talked easily and well, was always a gentleman, clean and true. He has gone home a little while before us. We will, I know, meet again, and we shall know each other there, and in that City, in that better Country, I want him for a neighbor, I want to live on the same street with him.

When the great Phillips Brooks lay dead in the beautiful cathedral in yonder proud city, a great number came to pay their last respects to his memory: the young and old, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, from nation, state, and city, all anxious to take one last look at the face that was so dear to all. In the shadow of the doorway waited a poor old woman, with her shawl drawn closely about her. At last she found her way to the side of him who had been her friend. Taking from the folds of her garment a little flower, she dropped it with her tears into the casket, and then went her way. I want to put one little flower for myself and for the Board of Trade, that I represent, upon the memorial you are to-day building to the memory of our friend, Charles D. Elliot.

ADDRESS OF F. M. HAWES AT MEMORIAL SERVICE OCTOBER 31, 1909.

My personal relations with Charles D. Elliot were not of many years' standing. We were brought together, especially, as members and fellow-workers of the Somerville Historical Society. I can say I never came away from an interview with him without feeling I had learned something of historical interest; without being enriched by his estimate of men, or his wide knowledge of affairs.

Our tastes along historical lines and our views of life I found to be so congenial that I rejoiced greatly to have found in such a kindred spirit one who, by his enthusiasm and his fuller grasp of subjects, could lead me farther on the road which I had chosen. We all miss his companionship and cheer, and his loss to this Society is irreparable.

In selecting from the copious notes supplied me by the family, I may fail to touch upon all the salient features of his life, although even the minutest details have proved interesting to me.

A few words in relation to his boyhood. He used to like to tell that he was born the same day Victoria became Queen

of England (June 20, 1837). Being an only child for nearly ten years may have tended to make him sober-minded and serious beyond his years. His mother wished him to be a minister, and he was offered a scholarship in Tufts College when he was about twenty, but he declined, as he did not feel that he was fitted for that profession. But some very precocious religious meditations, written at the age of eight, show that, for a time, at least, his mother had very fertile ground to work upon. He had a fondness for standing on the church steps near his home and preaching, with any book he could get hold of for a Bible. One day, when he was much younger than eight, he took his father's new dictionary to preach from, but, becoming interested in something else, he left the book on the steps, where he forgot all about it. A long rain followed, much to the damage of the dictionary.

He could be as mischievous as other children, and once gave the teacher of the first school he attended so much trouble that she shut him up in the kindling closet, and, forgetting all about him, was locking up to go home for the night, when his mother came to look for him, as it was past the hour for his return. The frightened teacher hastened to open the door, and there he lay, fast asleep.

His first public speech before any considerable audience was on the occasion of his first attendance at church. As he became restless, he was allowed to stand up on the pew seat, and was given his mother's fan. Soon, loud enough to be plainly heard, and holding up the fan, he said: "See, mamma, I make it into two pieces!"

When very small, he was taken on a long drive to visit relatives in Vermont. Seeing a squirrel run across the road, he was sure it must be a bear, and wanted his father to get him a gun to shoot it with. When older grown he was very fond of a gun, and of shooting at a target, and became a very good marksman. As a young man he was athletic. He attended the gymnasium of Dr. Winship, and was once able to lift a weight of 1,000 pounds.

At school he was generally called on when visitors were present to "speak his pieces" for their edification. It was the custom then for the boys to learn a selection of their own choosing, and to speak every Friday afternoon. At one time the teacher complained that the selections were too short. Accordingly, several of the boys arranged to have very long ones. Young Elliot committed to memory twenty pages of Scott's "Marmion," and when his turn came, got as far, we will say, as the eighteenth, when the teacher asked how much longer he was going to speak, as there were several others to be heard from, and he did not wish to stay all night. There were no further objections to short selections after that.

When in his teens, he belonged to several debating clubs, and was well versed in Cushing's Manual. At the age of sixteen, or thereabouts, he was Secretary of the Cambridge Library Association, most of whose members were men of mature years. He was connected with the Franklin Literary Association before he was twenty, and at one time was its secretary. A Shakespeare Club of four members used to vie with each other to see who could produce the greatest volume of sound, "trying," as he used to say, "to raise the roof with their oratory."

From a lad Mr. Elliot was fond of using tools. The Fitchburg Railroad had machine and carpenter shops near Union Square then, and he was always welcomed by the men and allowed to use any tools which he wished. Among other things, he made the patterns and castings for a turning lathe, which he kept by him for many years.

When a small boy, he drew excellent maps and could letter them well, being self-taught. This probably led to his entering the engineer office of Mr. Stearns when he was eighteen, at the close of his high school course. At school he had taken lessons in drawing, and delighted in sketching. Several of his sketches, which are still preserved, show considerable artistic ability and much care and skill. The same could be said of his engineering plans and charts, and of his maps. The delicate

handiwork of some of these, not a few of which, reduced in size, have appeared in historical works, makes them veritable works of art.

But Mr. Elliot's artistic ability was not limited to drawing and sketching; he often wrote poetry, especially in his earlier years. Some of these efforts possessed considerable merit, and gave evidence of a delicacy of feeling and a fineness of touch. He was so modest, however, that he could not be prevailed upon to submit his poems for publication, and rarely showed them to any but members of the family. For the Good Templars, a temperance organization in which he was early interested, he wrote at least one occasional poem, entitled "The Templars."

Mr. Elliot was so fond of fun that rhyming squibs flowed from his pen without effort. The few that have been preserved serve to illustrate an agreeable side of his nature.

We should not do full justice to our subject, now that we are brought to this point of view, if we failed to speak of Mr. Elliot's social nature. It is no disparagement of a man to say that he is known to many of his friends and hailed by them by his Christian name. Mr. Elliot was fond of good company, and his fund of stories gave him an easy entrance to the inner circle. He loved a joke hugely, as long as it was a pleasant one, but he did not approve of those made at the expense of some one's feelings. Another trait, known to those who associated with him, was his natural refinement. For anything bordering on coarseness or vulgarity he felt only abhorrence and contempt.

A mind as active as Mr. Elliot's could not fail to be possessed of considerable originality and imagination. New ideas were constantly suggesting themselves, new projects were ever urging to some untried effort. These fields were varied and wide, and related not only to his profession, but to business enterprises of various kinds. Often they were schemes for improving existing conditions or advancing the public welfare; specific improvements in politics and government. He had many subjects stored away for magazine articles, and would

have liked, with a time of leisure, to enter the lecture field. These topics afforded interesting subjects for conversation when he met with a congenial friend. Many of these were drawn from history, but not all.

The range of his interests was wide, but, as those who knew him well need not be told, his chief interests, aside from his profession, were connected with the subjects of history and the public welfare. His public spirit and keen insight into human needs were dominating features of his character. He was interested in great public movements for the improvement of the race in all quarters and among all conditions of men. Characterized by sincerity of purpose and disinterestedness, he advocated measures from conviction, and always acted from principle, not for effect or for popularity. He was a man of the highest integrity. In connection with his devotion to historical matters, we ought to mention his fondness for looking over old records. He rarely went on a vacation without choosing some place where there were records which he wished to consult, and a large part of a holiday was spent over them. His love of genealogical research began early, and continued to the very end.

As a recreation, and for refreshment after the toils of the day, Mr. Elliot found time for reading and keeping abreast of the times. His literary menu was extensive, and besides history and biography, included travels, scientific researches, archaeological expeditions, a little fiction, and much poetry. He loved to read poetry aloud. Sometimes he would read a serious poem in comic fashion, to create a laugh. "The last time was on Thanksgiving night, when surrounded by his family. He had been poorly all day. Just as he was about to retire for the night, he was urged to give a reading, some one saying 'it would not seem like Thanksgiving without it.' He turned back and read for an hour in his happiest vein, winding up with Grey's 'Elegy,' read in such an amusing way as quite to change its character, and leave every one laughing. Two weeks later and he was gone, never to return."

In connection with his reading, we ought to mention that he was a great admirer of the first Napoleon, and collected all the books he could find about him.

Mr. Elliot was a collector in the real sense of the word. He loved books, especially old books, and was fond of attending book auctions. His library numbers several thousand volumes, largely, but by no means wholly, scientific and historical. Among his treasures of a purely literary character is a *de luxe* edition of Longfellow, who was perhaps his favorite poet. One volume which he loved to exhibit to those who cared for such things was printed in 1492. He was greatly interested in Arctic explorations, and owned the works of some of the earlier explorers in those fields. Mr. Elliot was a high authority on certain kinds of books, especially on Americana. He knew the best authorities, the excellencies and weaknesses of well-known writers, as well as those of lesser note. He knew about the different editions of authors and their market value.

Besides his library, he had an interesting collection of autographs, some of which were attached to documents of historic value. Among his autographs were the signatures of several signers of the Declaration of Independence, that of George Washington, and several other Presidents. He was particularly pleased to secure an original Revolutionary company's pay-warrant, bearing the signature of General William Heath and his under officer, Captain Thomas Urann (one of Mrs. Elliot's ancestors).

At one time Mr. Elliot had a valuable collection of postage stamps; he also possessed rare coins of all nations, and a relic collection which included Indian arrow-heads (one of which was found on his own home lot), a Revolutionary cannon ball, South Sea Island weapons, pistols once owned by Ethan Allen, etc. In connection with the study of geology, he once gathered together a very creditable cabinet of minerals.

He always placed a high value on such heirlooms as chanced to come to his branch of the family, whether it were

furniture, china, or other things. Like Mr. Hardcastle, he loved everything old. Among these heirlooms was a New England Primer, used by his grandfather, Joel Elliot, in 1784 or thereabouts.

Our friend was greatly interested in the law, and was well versed in some of its points. He was told more than once by men of the legal profession that, with a little study, he might easily be admitted to the bar. More than that, he was an authority on certain branches of the law.

Upon the legal aspects of his professional endeavor he always entered with a keen zest, whether called upon as an expert witness, or to negotiate, out of court, settlements for damages to estates. Because of his interest in the success of his clients, his keen perception of the drift of the opposing counsel's attack, and his coolness on the witness stand, his services were highly valued, and were not uncommonly sought afterwards by the lawyer or corporation against whom he had happened to be called. Many times he was sought by the other side of the same case, after he had engaged himself to the first comer. On one occasion it was a question of certain rights between a railroad and a town. (The case did not come into the courts.) At a preliminary meeting the railroad's counsel offered to give the town a quit-claim deed of the railroad's rights. Mr. Elliot, who was engaged for the town, said: "Sir, *I* will give you a quit-claim deed of the whole X Y Z railroad system." Asked what he meant, he replied: "I will release to you all my right in the railroad. That is all a 'quit-claim' means."

As witness for the Fitchburg Railroad in an accident case, at a crossing where there were fully 600 yards of clear track visible on either side of the station, he was asked by counsel for the plaintiff: "Do you mean to tell this jury that this man could have seen that train coming?" Using a legal phrase which carries great weight, Mr. Elliot replied: "Yes, I think he could have done so by using 'due care.'"

This reply did not please the opposition counsel, who thundered: "Does the Fitchburg Railroad *pay* you for *manufactur-*

ing testimony?" "Why, they always have paid my bills heretofore; I presume they will not refuse this time," was the easy reply, and the innocent smile which accompanied it caused mirth in the court room.

Mr. Elliot's services were occasionally called for in the appraising of estates. Because of the large number of plans which he had made of our city lots, and his knowledge of their history, a knowledge which went back in many instances to the days of the "Stinted Commons," and the first grants, no one had a better standard of land values. The secret of his knowledge in this, as well as in other fields, lay not alone in his excellent memory, but in the painstaking and accurate methods by which he had come at the knowledge. Whatever he was engaged upon, he always made thoroughness and accuracy the main objects. He used to say that he wanted whatever he did to be done right. Accordingly, he was never satisfied until he obtained the perfect result.

It will not be denied, I think, that Mr. Elliot lacked self-appreciation, and often set too light a value on his own abilities. Partly for this reason, and partly because he was too ready to trust some of those he dealt with, other people often reaped the benefit of his efforts. One of his best traits was his desire to think the best of his fellow-men.

He was always ready to take time, even when very busy with important affairs, to help people who came for information or advice; he thus gave freely what had cost him much time and effort. People were constantly seeking such help, not merely his friends, but sometimes entire strangers. He has been known to write for people articles or speeches which of course passed as their own compositions. Sometimes he revised other people's writings, often an entire book, but always as an accommodation. He never asked nor would he have accepted remuneration for such work. Not infrequently he assisted men professionally.

Too modest to place a sufficiently high value on his own services and experiences, he put off too long making a record

of much that he had learned, much that was well worth preserving, and which no one else can reproduce. When urged to write his war experiences, he would say: "Oh, nobody will be interested in them." He was much surprised by the great attention which his articles on "The History of Somerville" received when they appeared in the Somerville Journal some years ago.

The following letter from Mrs. Elliot will serve to throw light on Mr. Elliot's life in Louisiana. As a description of a wedding journey, it deserves to be copyrighted:—

"My parents emigrated to Wisconsin Territory in 1836 from New England. Mr. Hyer was made a judge of probate, and was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. His health demanding a warmer climate, he moved to St. Louis, Mo., in 1847 or 1848, and in 1854-5 to Texas. The breaking out of the Civil War found us in Louisiana, about sixty miles north of New Orleans, where Judge Hyer's too outspoken Union sentiments made him a 'marked man' by the Rebels. He had many friends, however, who aided him on several occasions when plots were laid against him. In the fall of 1862 we closed up our home, determined to reach New Orleans, then in control of the Union Army. At Madisonville, a small town near Lake Ponchartrain, we waited three weeks for a chance to cross to the city. Finally a small schooner loaded with charcoal arrived, which had received a permit from Richmond to cross, as they wished to send over some spies. By bribing the corporal of the Rebel guard to send off his men an hour early, we got our chance to go on board before daylight, and before dark the same day reached the entrance to the canal leading up to New Orleans. Before we were allowed to land we had to take an oath of allegiance to the United States, although we were Unionists.

"Judge Hyer went immediately to General Butler and showed him his plans of Eastern Louisiana, where we had been residing. Judge Hyer had been obliged to give up practicing law on account of his health, and had gone into surveying and

engineering. General Butler appointed Mr. Hyer on his Engineering staff. When General Banks superseded General Butler in the command of New Orleans, December, 1862, Mr. Elliot and Judge Hyer met in the Engineering Department, and Judge Hyer invited Mr. Elliot and several other young men to his home to introduce them to the Union people of the city, of whom there were many.

"September 3, 1863, Mr. Elliot and myself were married. During the ceremony an orderly was seen coming up the aisle of the church, making straight for us. He would have interrupted the ceremony to deliver his orders, if he had not been intercepted by Judge Hyer, who took the order, with the assurance that he would give it to Mr. Elliot himself. It proved to be an order to prepare immediately to join an expedition under General Franklin, who was then his engineer officer, to a destination unknown, which sailed the next day, and expected to be gone six months or more.

"They sailed up Sabine River, the boundary between Texas and Louisiana, were beaten back by a small fort, aided by the oyster banks in the river, on which two of our gunboats got aground under the guns of the fort. General Franklin's force, scattered and demoralized, returned to New Orleans, after an absence of eight days, but the headquarters ship, the Suffolk, on which Mr. Elliot was, was run into by another ship in the darkness during the retreat. The lights were out to prevent the Rebels from pursuing them with 'cotton clad' boats. The two ships lay side by side, crashing into each other for some time before any one had sense enough to separate them. The wheel house on the Suffolk was crushed, and the boat was said to be sinking. Nearly all on board, including General Franklin and most of his staff, and the ship's officers and crew, jumped over into the other ship. Mr. Elliot said he could not see that the Suffolk settled any, and all who jumped over to the other ship were likely to be crushed between the two, as they crashed together every few minutes. Mr. Elliot and a few others, about a dozen in all, including the ship's engineer,

stayed on board, and reached New Orleans in safety after three days, during which time they endured much hardship and danger. They encountered a storm, and the ship was badly shattered, but they reached the shelter of the Mississippi River before the storm reached its height.

"This was Mr. Elliot's wedding journey, taken alone. About seven months later we came to Massachusetts, by way of the Gulf and Atlantic, as the Rebels still held the intervening territory."

The following will not be out of place here: Mrs. Elliot was born in Union, Rock county, Wis., November 23, 1843. She was a teacher in one of the grammar schools of New Orleans, and secretary of the Union Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society of that city, of which her mother (Mrs. Hyer) was president. This was one of the first organizations of the kind in the Southern states. Mrs. Elliot's own father was David Ring, Jr., who was born in Sumner, Me., April 7, 1801, and died in Wisconsin in June, 1874. He married, June 24, 1824, Mary, daughter of John, Jr., and Mary (Urann) Spencer. She was born in Bangor, Me., in 1806, and died in Wisconsin October 13, 1846. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot were married by Rev. F. E. R. Chubbuck, post chaplain and officiating clergyman at Christ Church, New Orleans. This was a double wedding, the other couple being George Hay Brown, one of the photographers belonging to the Engineer Corps, and Miss Lizzie Sakaski, a friend of Mrs. Elliot.

The Somerville Historical Society was incorporated in 1898, and Mr. Elliot was the first president after incorporation, having served as a vice-president before that time from the formation of the Society. In 1898 the Society rented the Oliver Tufts House on Sycamore Street as its headquarters, and in the early winter of that year gave the Historical Festival, in connection with which a relic exhibition at their headquarters was a successful feature, and one in which Mr. Elliot was very active. He was also a leading spirit in a similar exhibition held at the Somerville High School in 1892, the year of the Semi-Centennial of the city.

It would be impossible to give full credit to Mr. Elliot's devotion to this Society. From its formation to the end of his busy life, we who were present at his last meeting with us can truly say that he was the father of this organization. Not only was he a cheerful giver of his valuable time when called to serve upon committees and as a member of the Council, but every member went away from a literary meeting feeling that the evening had been enriched when Mr. Elliot, as was his invariable custom, illuminated the subject in hand from his storehouse of historical information. Often he would bring from his collections at home books, maps, autographs, or pictures, many of them of unique value, to illustrate the topic of the evening. Then, too, by his ready wit, his fondness for making a pun, or his skill at repartee, he sent us all home with a smile or a laugh at what in him seemed so innate, so purely spontaneous. He was a type of the true genial gentleman. At times he was called before other historical societies to read some of his papers, and I well remember the keen pleasure these visits afforded him, and the luminous report he would bring home from a sister organization. A case in point occurred two seasons ago, when he was entertained at the magnificent old mansion, "The Buttonwoods," the home of the Haverhill Historical Society.

Perhaps no truer estimate of the man whose memory we love to cherish could be given than was twice expressed by the *Somerville Journal*, once of the living, July 28, 1905, and again on the occasion of Mr. Elliot's death, in its issue of December 11, 1908.

"To mention the name of Charles Darwin Elliot is to call attention to one of the most active and prominent residents of Somerville during the whole of its municipal career. For nearly sixty years he has known Somerville, and during almost all of that time he has been a resident of the town and city. . . . His life has been a busy one from his earliest youth. As a boy he could run a mile in five and one-quarter minutes. He did things then, and he can do them now, although he has com-

pleted his sixty-eighth year. In the fullness of years, he is still engaged in civil engineering, which has been his life work. His has been an experience equaled by few men in the profession."

And again at the time of Mr. Elliot's death: "His career was remarkable for its usefulness to the nation and to the community. No man in the city was more conversant with Somerville history, and this fund of general information was always at the disposal of the public. Geniality was characteristic of the kindly-natured man, who was most happy when among his friends, and his entertaining reminiscences were frequently interspersed with amusing stories and witty speeches. He had an intense interest in the public welfare. In the family circle he was a tender husband and father. His death deprives Somerville of one of its most upright citizens, whose achievements in his chosen profession, in the realm of history, and in his private life will preserve an honored memory. . . . Besides his public service as the first City Engineer, and in the various organizations in which he was an active member, he was easily first of all men in his knowledge of Somerville history. For years . . . his literary talent and much of his time were devoted to preparing papers and arranging documentary material that had to do with the early days of Somerville. With him goes much valuable and interesting historical information which can never be replaced. . . . He was public-spirited in the highest degree. He was the man at whose suggestion the Somerville Journal was established, and from the early days of the city until his death he was actively concerned with projects looking towards the betterment of the city. His presence will be missed in many companies. Kindly, cheerful, entertaining, and talented, a man of high integrity and spotless character, he leaves a whole city to sympathize with his bereaved family."

INDEX

- Abbot, Captain Henry L., 65.
 Abbott, General Henry L., 57, 64.
 "Aborigines," 61.
 Acre, Siege of, 56.
 Adams, Cheree, 2.
 Adams, Henry, 47.
 Adams, Georgiana, 48.
 Adams, William, 45.
 Aldersey Street, 14.
 Alewife Bridge, 42.
 Alewife Brook, 34, 47.
 Alewife Brook School, 41.
 Alexandria, La., 66.
 Alexandria, Va., 41.
 Allen, Alfred, 47, 48.
 Allen, Ethan, 77.
 American Congress, The, 52.
 American Historical Association, 62.
 American Society of Civil Engineers, 62.
 American Tube Works, 18.
 Ames, T. Edward, 57.
 Andersonville, 34, 37.
 Annapolis, Md., 40.
 Appalachian Mountain Club, The, 24.
 Arlington Heights, Va., 41.
 Arlington, Mass., 3, 41, 43, 46.
 Arlington Water Works, 59.
 Armstrong, William H., 69.
 Army of the Potomac, 32.
 Army Record, Charles D. Elliot, 64.
 Ashby, Mass., 4.
 Asboth, General, 68.
 Ashton Hall, England, 56.
 Augur, ———, 65, 67.
 Austin, Tex., 46.
 Avon, Mass., 45.
 Ayer, John C., 59.
 Ayer, John F., 22.
 Ayer, Mrs. John F., 20.
 Ayer, Vashti Eunice, 22.
 Baldwin, Loammi, 45.
 Baltimore, Md., 40.
 Bangor, Me., 82.
 Banks, General Nathaniel P., 64, 65, 66, 67, 81.
 Barbour, William S., 58.
 Bartlett's, 32.
 Baton Rouge, 65, 66.
 "Battle of Bunker Hill," 61.
 Bayou Sara, 67.
 Bayou Teche, 66.
 Beacon Trotting Park, Allston, 58.
 Bean, George W., 32.
 Bedford Cemetery, 3.
 Bedford, Mass., 3.
 Bell, Dr. Luther V., 25.
 Bell, William Graham, 21.
 Belle Isle, 33, 34.
 Berwick City, La., 66.
 Bickford, Robert, 57.
 Bigelow, Abigail, 48.
 Bigelow, Abigail (Witt), 48.
 Bigelow, Jason, 48.
 Blackshire Station, 38.
 "Blessing of the Bay," The, 49, 62.
 Bolles, David, 10, 12.
 Bolles, Lucy Stone, 11.
 Bond, Lieutenant-Colonel William, 5.
 Bonner Avenue, 10, 14.
 Bonner, David, 10.
 Bonner, Eliza, 10.
 Bonner, Emily, 10.
 Bonner, George, 10.
 Bonner, George Washington, 10.
 Bonner, John, 10.
 Bonner, Jonathan, 10.
 Bonner, Mary, 10, 12, 13.
 Bonner, Philip, 9, 13.
 Bonner, William, 10, 14.
 Booker, Simeon, 43.
 Booth, Dr. Chauncy, 25.
 Boston Chamber of Commerce, 17.
 Boston Corn Exchange, 17.
 Boston Harbor, 51.
 Boston & Maine Railroad, 71.
 Boston, Mass., 9.
 Boston Society of Civil Engineers, 62.
 Boston Street, 6, 20.
 Boston Tea Party, The, 54.
 Boston Transcript, 27.
 Bow Street, 6, 7, 11, 13.
 Boston Water Power Co., The, 58.
 Bowdoin College, 46.
 Brashear, La., 66.
 Brastow, George O., 62.
 Bridgewater Normal School, 23.
 Brimmer School, Boston, Mass., 23, 24.
 Bristol, Eng., 53.
 "British Retreat from Concord," 61.
 Broadway, 5, 6.
 Broadway Park, 17, 59.
 Brookline, Mass., 58.
 Brooks, Phillips, 72.
 Brown, Ann, 43.
 Brown, George Hay, 82.
 Bryant, Wallace, 24.
 Bull, David, 50.
 Bunker Hill, 56.
 Burbank, William A., 50.
 Burgoyne, General, 26.
 Burnham, Sarah M., 46.
 Butler, General B. F., 64, 80, 81.
 Butterfield, Samuel, 44.
 "Buttonwoods, The," 83.
 Cambridge Chronicle, The, 50.
 Cambridge Common, 51.
 Cambridge Divinity School, 46.
 Cambridge Electric Light Co., 60.
 Cambridge Gas Company, 17.
 Cambridge Library Association, 74.
 Cambridge, Mass., 1, 2, 5, 8, 11, 19, 47, 54, 64, 70.
 Cambridge Parish, 9.
 Cambridgeport, Mass., 9, 19, 51, 58.
 Cambridge Street, 16.
 Cambridge Street Railway, 22.
 Cambridge Water Works, 57.
 Camden Street Hospital, 40.

- Camp Prospect Hill, 5.
 Canaan, N. H., 47.
 Cape Cod Canal, 59.
 Capen, Rev. Samuel, 30.
 Carpenter, Sara A. S., 1.
 Carr, Lucretia Russell, 43, 45.
 Castle William (Fort Independence), 51.
 Caverno, Arthur, 47.
 Caverno, Elizabeth A., 47.
 Caverno, Jeremiah, 47.
 Caverno, Margaret (Brewster), 47.
 Caverno, Olive H. (Foss), 47.
 Cedar Street, 60.
 Central Square, 15, 16.
 Central Street, 11, 18, 19, 24, 25, 27.
 Champney, Richard, 53.
 Champney, Samuel, 53.
 Charles River, 11.
 Charles River Basin Commission, 60.
 Charleston, S. C., 38.
 "Charlestown Estates," Wyman, 4, 8.
 Charlestown, Mass., 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 18,
 20, 24, 41, 47, 55, 57.
 Charlestown Water Works, 57.
 Chapman, Edmund, 19.
 Chase, J. G., 57.
 Chelmsford, Mass., 20.
 Chenny, Ebenezer, 2.
 Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, 23.
 Christ Church, New Orleans, La., 82.
 Chubbuck, Rev. F. E. R., 82.
 "Civil Engineering as a Vocation," 61.
 Civil War, The, 71.
 Claremont, N. H., 20.
 "Clay Pits and Free Baths," 61.
 Coburn, James M., 6.
 Colburn, Joshua O., 43.
 Cole, Caroline Adelaide, 21.
 Cole, Erastus E., 21.
 Columbus Avenue, 6.
 Company E, Thirty-ninth Regiment, 32.
 Concord Bridge, 2.
 Concord, Mass., 2.
 Concord, N. H., 9.
 Cooke, S. N., 45.
 Cook, Susanna Russell, 44, 46.
 Cotting, Martha E., 47.
 Craigie's Bridge, 60.
 Cross Street, 6, 20.
 Cross Street Universalist Church, 21.
 Culpeper, 32.
 Curtis, H. K., 45.
 Cushing's Manual, 74.
 Cutler, Martha, 4.
 Cutter, Emma M., 19.
 Cutter, Evelina, 18.
 Cutter House, 5.
 Cutter, Richard, 4.

 Damon, Rev. David, 46.
 Damon, Norwood P., 46.
 Dana Street, Cambridge, 56.
 Dartmouth, Mass., 23.
 Davis, Jefferson, 33.
 Davenport & Bridges, 19.
 Declaration of Independence, 77.
 Dedham, Mass., 47.
 Defence, Ship, 4.
 Delft Haven Colony of Pilgrim Fathers,
 62.
 Department of the Gulf, 65.

 Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R.,
 64.
 Derby, Rebecca, 46.
 Dickerman, Frank E., 24.
 Dickerman, Quincy E., 20, 23, 24.
 Dickson, Aaron P., 46.
 Dodge, —, 16.

 Eames, Margaret, 2.
 "Early History of Somerville," 61.
 "Early History of Ten Hills Farm, The,"
 61.
 East Cambridge, Mass., 8.
 Eastham, Mass., 22.
 East Stoughton, Mass., 45.
 Edgell, Captain Benjamin, 5.
 Editorials in Somerville Journal by
 Charles D. Elliot, 61.
 Eliot, Abigail, 53.
 Eliot, Abigaile, 53.
 Eliot, Benjamin, 53.
 Eliot, Ebenezer, 53.
 Eliot, Elizabeth, 53.
 Eliot, Hannah, 53.
 Eliot, Jacob, 54.
 Eliot, Jane, 53.
 Eliot, Joel, 54.
 Eliot, John, 53.
 Eliot, Joseph, 53, 54.
 Eliot, Joseph, Jr., 53.
 Eliot, Mercy, 54.
 Eliot, Nehemiah, 53.
 Eliot, Nehemiah, Jr., 54.
 Eliot, Samuel, 53.
 Eliot, Thomas, 53.
 Eliot, Thomas, Jr., 53.
 Elliot, Adelaide Genevieve, 63.
 Elliot, Alfred Lawrence, 56, 62.
 Elliot, Caroline, 54.
 Elliot, Charles Edwin, 54.
 Elliot, Charles Darwin, 49, 53-84.
 Elliot, Charles Joseph, 63.
 Elliot, Clara Lenora, 62.
 Elliot, Ella Florence, 62.
 Elliot, Hannah, 54.
 Elliot, Joel, 78.
 Elliot, Joel Augustus, 54.
 Elliot, Joseph, 53, 54, 55.
 Elliot, Mary Elvira, 32, 56, 62.
 Elliot, Mary Joanna, 54.
 Elliot, Mary Murray (Flagg), 54.
 Elliot, Nancy Maria, 54.
 Elliot, Sarah Elizabeth, 54.
 Elliot, Timothy, 54.
 Elliot, Zenora (Tucker), 53, 55.
 Elm House, 34.
 Emory, —, 65, 66.
 English Union, The, 52.
 Enneking, John J., 26.
 Everett, Edward, 26.

 Fairhaven, Mass., 23.
 Farragut, Admiral, 65.
 "Feasible Metropolitan Boulevard for
 Somerville," 61.
 Federal Street, Boston, 11.
 Female Writing School, Charlestown, 44.
 Firemen's Relief Fund, 18.
 First Church of Cambridge, 6.
 First Congregational (Unitarian) So-
 ciety in Somerville, 6, 13, 17, 18, 19.

- "First National Flag, The," 61.
 First Parish, Cambridge, Mass., 8.
 First Universalist Church, 13, 18.
 First Universalist Church, Men's Club of, 62, 64.
 First Universalist Society in Somerville, 55.
 Fitchburg, Mass., 26.
 Fitchburg Railroad, 57, 74, 78.
 Five Cents Savings Bank, Charlestown, The, 25.
 Flagg, Sarah (Hicks), 54.
 Flagg, Timothy, 54.
 Florence, S. C., 38.
 Forster School, 50.
 Fort Bisland, 66.
 Fort Butler, 68.
 Fort Darling, 38.
 Fort St. Philip, 64.
 Fowle, F. E., 48.
 Foxboro Centre, Mass., 55.
 Foxboro, Mass., 53, 54, 55.
 Franklin, General, 67, 81.
 Franklin Literary Association, 74.
 Franklin Street, Arlington, Mass., 48.
 Freetown, 5.
 Frost, Elisha, 46.
 Frost, Rebecca, 20.
 Fuller, J. F., 58.
 Gage, General, 52.
 Gardenville, 32.
 Gardner, Mary B., 47.
 Gardner, Miles, 47.
 Gardner Row, 47.
 Gardner, Thomas, 5.
 Gates, General, 51, 54.
 Geddis' Twine Factory, 12.
 Gerrish, Elizabeth, 43.
 Goddard, Thomas, 19.
 Goldsboro, 39.
 Goodhue, Eliza, 10.
 "Governor John Winthrop and His Ten Hills Farm," 61.
 Grand Army of the Republic, 68.
 Gray's Elegy, 76.
 Gray, Rev. Francis A., 63.
 Great Bromley, Essex County, Eng., 1.
 Green, Marshal-General John, 53.
 Grover, Benjamin, 9.
 Grover, Elizabeth, 9.
 Grover, General, 65, 66, 68.
 Hague, Rev. William, 11.
 Hale, Sarah Josepa (Buell), 31.
 Haley, Mary A., 25.
 "Hanneman Tub," 14.
 Hapgood, Emily (Chase), 22.
 Hapgood, Nahum R., 22.
 Harvard College, 29, 46.
 Harvard Square, 9.
 Hastings, Jonas, 45.
 Hastings, Joseph S., 45.
 Hastings, Lucy, 45.
 Hatch, —, 45.
 Haverhill Historical Society, 64, 83.
 Hawes, Frank M., 8, 41, 72.
 Hawes, Levi L., 64.
 Hawkins, Guy C., 47.
 Hawkins House, 5, 17.
 Hawkins, Nathaniel, 7.
 Hayes, John S., 50.
 Haynes, Amos, 44.
 Haynes, Susan E., 44.
 Hayward, Grace H., 24.
 Hayward, Henry S., 24.
 Haywood, J., 43.
 Heath, General William, 77.
 Hinchman, Nathaniel H., 43.
 Hicks, John, 54.
 Hicks, Zachariah, 53.
 Highland Avenue, 24, 60.
 Hill, Ira, 59.
 Hill, James, Jr., 47.
 Historical Papers by Charles D. Elliot, 61.
 "Historic Somerville," 61.
 "Historic Tablets," 61.
 "History of Somerville," 61.
 Hitchcock, —, 57.
 Hitchings, Augustus, 10.
 Holland, Silas, 19.
 Holland Street, 19.
 Hollis Street Church, 9.
 Holmes, J. Albert, 49, 56.
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 2, 9.
 Home for the Aged, 10.
 Hopkins Classical School, 56, 70.
 Hopkins, Edward, 56.
 Hopkins, James R., 50.
 Houston, Governor, 46.
 Houston, Major David C., 65.
 Howe, H., 32.
 Hyde, F. J., 32.
 Hyer, Emily Jane, 62.
 Hyer, Nathaniel F., 62, 80, 81.
 Ipswich, Mass., 53.
 Jacob, Colonel John, 5.
 James River, 33.
 Jewett, Henry J., 46.
 Jewett, Hon. Jedediah, 46.
 John Abbot Lodge, 23.
 Kent, Samuel, 7.
 Kidder, Mary Williams, 21.
 Kimball, Harriet, 30.
 King Phillip, 26.
 King Philip's War, 53.
 Kinsley, F. R., 32.
 Knight, Hersina, 43.
 La Fourche, 65.
 Lake Ponchartrain, 68, 80.
 Lane, Captain James, 3.
 Lawrence, Lieutenant Eleazer, 53.
 Lawrence, Major Eleazer, 53.
 Lawrence, John, 56.
 Lawrence, Sibil, 56.
 Lawrence, Sibil (Robbins), 56.
 Lawrence, Sir Robert, 56.
 Lawrence, Simon, 56.
 Lexington, Mass., 2, 44.
 Libby, No. 1, 32.
 Libby, No. 2, 32.
 Libby, No. 3, 32.
 Lincoln, Rollin T., 27.
 Littlefield, Austin, 36.
 Littleton, Mass., 56.
 Lock, Captain Benjamin, 5.
 Longfellow, Henry W., 77.

- Long Wharf, Boston, 51.
 Loring, —, 30.
 Lossing, Benson J., 52.
 Lovett, W., 32.
 Lowell, Mass., 59.
 Lunenburg, Mass., 46.
 Lynn, Mass., 59.
 Lynnfield, Mass., 46.
 Madisonville, La., 68, 80.
 Magoun, Ann Sarah, 18.
 Magoun, John A., 46.
 Main Street, Cambridge, 56.
 Malden, Mass., 49, 55, 56.
 Mallett, Isaac, 5.
 Mallet, John, 50.
 Mankato, Minn., 24.
 Mann, Jairus, 15.
 "Marmion," 74.
 "Mary Had a Little Lamb," The Author of, 25-31.
 Mason, William A., 58.
 Massachusetts Bay, Province of, 51.
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 59.
 Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange, 62.
 Massachusetts Truant Officers' Association, 23.
 Maulsby, David L., 20.
 Mayhew School, Boston, Mass., 23.
 McKoun, Abigail, 46.
 McKoun, Martha, 46.
 McLean Asylum, 25, 26.
 Meade, General, 32.
 Medford Street, 7, 71.
 Med ord, Mass., 5, 21, 48, 55.
 Menotomy, 3, 4, 6.
 Metropolitan Park Commission, 60.
 Middlesex Bleachery, 10, 19.
 Middlesex Fells Reservation, 60.
 "Milk Row," 7, 47.
 Milk Row School, 7, 8, 10, 15, 41, 43, 56.
 Miller's River, 8, 59.
 Milton, Mass., 20.
 Mississippi River, 65, 67, 82.
 Mitchelson, Marshal-General Edward, 53.
 Mobile, Ala., 68.
 Morse, Elisha, 54.
 Morse, Joanna, 54.
 Morse, Rev. Dr., 10.
 Mt. Auburn, 27.
 Mt. Holly, Vt., 55, 56.
 Munroe, —, 48.
 Munroe, Edwin, 17, 21.
 Munroe, Henry, 56.
 Myles, Rev. John, 53.
 "Myles Standish and the Plymouth Explorers," 61.
 Mystic, No. 6, 14.
 Mystic Pumping Station, 60.
 Mystic River, 51, 71.
 Mystic Valley Parkway, 50.
 Nahant, Mass., 13.
 Napoleon, 69, 77.
 Nathan Tufts Park, 51.
 National Geographic Society, 62.
 Naval School Hospital, 40.
 New Bridge, 9.
 New England Historic Genealogical Society, 62.
 New England Primer, 78.
 New Ipswich, N. H., 48.
 New Orleans, La., 62, 64, 65, 66, 67, 80, 81, 82.
 Newton Centre, Mass., 58.
 Newton, Joanna, 45.
 Newton, Mass., 22.
 Nineteenth Army Corps, 65.
 Nineteenth Army Corps, History of the, 64.
 Ninetieth Pennsylvania, 32.
 Noble, Mary Ann, 10.
 North Star, Transport, 65.
 North Street, 45.
 Norton North Precinct, 53.
 Norton, Mass., 53.
 Norwich, Conn., 22.
 Nutting, John, 53.
 Oasis Lodge, I. O. O. F., 23.
 Oglethorpe Guard House, 38.
 Oliver, F. J., 32.
 Oliver, Judson W., 32, 33, 34.
 Old Powder House, 5, 26, 41, 49, 51, 52, 60.
 "Old Roads," 61.
 "Old Royal House, Medford, The," 62.
 Old South Church, 9.
 Old South Meeting-house, 30.
 Oliver Tufts House, 82.
 Opelousas, La., 66.
 Oxford Street, 59.
 Paige, Rev. Lucius R., 47.
 Park Street, 71.
 "Paul Revere's Ride and the March to Concord," 61.
 Pemberton's Factory, 32.
 Perkins, Joseph P., 24.
 Perkins, Rebecca M., 24.
 Perkins, Sarah P., 24.
 Perry, James, 48.
 Perry, John, 48.
 Perry, Jason Bigelow, 48.
 Perry, Colonel J. P., 48.
 Perry, Lydia, 48.
 Perry, Sarah, 43.
 Perry, William A., 50.
 Pierce, —, 16.
 Pierce, Almira L., 17.
 Pierce, Augusta L., 18.
 Pierce, Jacob, 42.
 Pierce, Oliver, 47.
 Pitt, William, 53.
 Pleasant Street, Boston, 9.
 "Pollution of the Water Supply," 61.
 Pope School, 20.
 "Port Hudson," 62, 65, 67.
 "Port Hudson, The Siege of," 64.
 Portland, Me., 46.
 Powder House Boulevard, 60.
 Prescott, Edwin R., 44.
 Prescott, Mary M., 44.
 Prescott School, 22.
 Prospect Hill, 6, 26, 48, 49, 59.
 Prospect Hill School, 9, 46, 56.
 Prospect Hill Tower, 62.
 Prospect Street, 8, 16.
 Professors' Row, 34.
 "Proposed Charles River Dam and the

- Commerce and Industries of Cambridge," 61.
 Province of Massachusetts Bay, 51.
 Pundita Ramabai, The, 26.
 Pythian Block, 7, 11, 59.
- Quincy Street, 14.
- Ramsdell, Eliza, 46.
 Randolph Academy, 55.
 Rand, Sarah, 11.
 Rand, Thomas, 11.
 Rapidan River, 32.
 Raymond, Edward B., 27.
 Red River, La., 66, 67, 68.
 Reed, Joseph, 52.
 Registry of Deeds, 11.
 Rehoboth, Mass., 53.
 "Request for a Wide and Deep Lock in Charles River Dam," 61.
 Revere, Mass., 17, 18.
 "Revolutionary Landmarks," 61.
 Rice, Mary, 13.
 Richard Coeur de Lion, 56.
 Richardson, George L., 57.
 Richmond, 80.
 Richmond Hospital, 34.
 Richmond, N. H., 11.
 Richmond, Va., 33.
 Riley, Colonel, 66.
 Rindge, N. H., 48.
 Ring, David, Jr., 82.
 Rockland, Me., 58.
 Rogers, Rev. Nathaniel, 53.
 Roulston, John, 29, 30.
 Runey, George, 16.
 Runey, Horace, 16.
 Runey, John, 14, 18.
 Russ, Rev. Mr., 13.
 Russell District, 48.
 Russell, James, 43.
 Russell, Levi, 42, 46, 47.
 Russell, Philemon, 42.
 Russell, Philemon R., Jr., 42, 44, 45.
 Russell, Rebecca, 47.
 "Russell's" School, The, 42.
 Russell Street, 44.
 Russell, Kezia, 45.
 Russell, Kezia Teel, 45.
- Sabine Pass, 67.
 Sabine River, 81.
 Sakaski, Lizzie, 82.
 Sanborn, Albert L., 12, 15.
 Sanborn Avenue, 14.
 Sanborn, Daniel, 15.
 Sanborn, Daniel A., 57.
 Sanborn, David A., 12, 14, 15, 18.
 Sanborn, George A., 12.
 Sanborn, Hannah Adams (Stone), 18.
 Sanborn Insurance Map Co., 57.
 Sanborn, Martha, 14.
 Sanborn, Robert, 11, 12, 14.
 Sanborn, Martha Maria, 12.
 Sanborn, Mary Jane, 12.
 Sargent, Aaron, 20.
 Sargent, Rev. John, 6.
 Saugus, Mass., 45.
 Saunders, Hon. Charles Hicks, 62.
 Savannah, Ga., 38.
- Sawyer, Mary E., 25, 26.
 Sawyer, William Brewster, 27, 28.
 Saxe, John G., 26.
 Schofield, General, 39.
 School Street, 6, 7.
 Scituate, Mass., 13.
 Scoville, Sarah, 10.
 Scripture, Samuel, 53.
 Seal, Our, 49-52.
 Sharon, Mass., 23.
 Shed, Samuel, 7.
 Sherman, General, 35.
 Sherman, T. W., 65.
 Shrewsbury, Mass., 4, 22, 45.
 Smith, Alfred, 24.
 Snow, Lemuel H., 20, 22.
 Soley Lodge, 24.
 Somerville Avenue, 7, 11, 71.
 Somerville Avenue, Widening of, 59.
 Somerville Board of Trade, 60, 62, 64, 70.
 Somerville City Hall, 56.
 "Somerville's Development and Progress," 62.
 Somerville High School, 56, 82.
 Somerville Historical Society, 23, 24, 60, 62, 63, 64, 72, 82.
 Somerville Journal, The, 59, 83, 84.
 Somerville Light Infantry, 19.
 "Somerville in the Revolution," 61.
 Somerville, Mass., 22.
 Somerville National Bank, 17.
 Somerville, No. 1, 15.
 "Somerville Past and Present," 61.
 Somerville Public Library, 17.
 Somerville Royal Arch Chapter, 24.
 Somerville Savings Bank, 19.
 "Somerville in War Times," 61.
 Somerville Woman's Relief Corps, 64.
 Sons of American Revolution, 62.
 Sons of the Revolution, Massachusetts Society of, 51.
 Southern Prison Life, Reminiscences of, 32-41.
 South Sea Island, 77.
 Southworth, Gordon A., 22.
 Spear Place, Boston, 9.
 Spencer, John, Jr., 82.
 Spencer, Mary, 82.
 Spencer, Mary (Urann), 82.
 Squire, John P., 43.
 St. Andrew, Cross of, 52.
 State Constitutional Convention, 80.
 State House, 60.
 Stearns, ———, 74.
 Stearns, Rebecca Russell, 45.
 Stearns & Sandborn, 57.
 Stearns & Stevenson, 57.
 Stearns, William B., 57.
 St. George, Cross of, 52.
 Sterling, Mass., 25, 26.
 Stevenson, C. L., 57.
 "Stinted Common, The," 62.
 St. Louis, Mo., 80.
 Ston, Mary, 7.
 Stone Avenue, 14.
 Stone, Bettsy, 7, 9.
 Stone, Charles Henry, 11.
 Stone, Chary, 2.
 Stone, Chary Adams, 4.

- Stone, Daniel, 8, 13, 14.
 Stone, David, 1, 8.
 Stone, Eliza, 8.
 Stone Family Association, 1.
 Stone, Gregory, 1, 2, 4.
 "Stone, Gregory, and Some of His Descendants," 1.
 Stone, Hannah, 8, 14.
 Stone, Hannah Adams, 8, 12, 14.
 "Stone, John, and His Descendants in Somerville," 1-19.
 Stone, John Cutter, 8.
 Stone, John Tufts, 8.
 Stone, Jonathan, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 18.
 Stone, Lucy, 7, 10.
 Stone, Lydia, 8, 12, 13.
 Stone, Martha, 8, 11.
 Stone, Mary, 5, 7, 8, 9, 14.
 Stone, Nathaniel, 7.
 Stone, Nathaniel Tufts, 11, 14, 18.
 Stone, Samuel, 2, 4.
 Stone, Sarah (Rand), 18.
 Stone, Seth, 4, 5.
 Stone, Simon, 1.
 Stone, Susanna, 5.
 Stone, Symond, 1.
 Stone, Thomas Jefferson, 8, 13.
 Storer, Rev. Seth, 2.
 Story, Hon. Isaac, 62.
 Stoughton, Mass., 23, 45.
 Sturtevant, Richard H., 12.
 Suffolk, The, 81.
 Summer Street, 6, 25.
 Sumner, Me., 82.
 Sutton, Mass., 22.
 Swan, George, 46.
 Swan, James, 44, 45.
 Swan, Reuben, 44, 45.
 Swan, Samuel, 23.
 Swan, Samuel (or Richard), 46.
 Swansea, Mass., 53.
 Sycamore Street, 82.
 Taunton, Mass., 53.
 Taunton North Purchase, 53.
 Taylor, —, 66.
 Teel, Emeline, 46.
 Teel, Horatio, 46.
 Teel, Louisa, 46.
 Teel, Ruth, 45.
 Teel, Samuel P., 43.
 Teel, Thomas E., 46.
 "Ten Hills Farm," 50, 51.
 Texas, 81.
 Townsend, Mass., 2, 3, 4.
 Townsend, Vt., 25.
 Trumpet, The, 55.
 Tucker, Abigail (Newell), 55.
 Tucker, Sibil (Laurence), 55.
 Tucker, Captain Stephen, 55.
 Tucker, Stephen, Jr., 55, 56.
 Tucker, Zenora, 55.
 Tufts, Ann Adams, 5.
 Tufts, Benjamin, 5.
 Tufts, Charles, 17, 62, 63.
 Tufts College, 15, 17, 73.
 Tufts, Elizabeth Perry, 6.
 Tufts, John, 5.
 Tufts, Mary, 6.
 Tufts, Mary Pierce, 6.
 Tufts, Nathan, 14, 51.
 Tufts, Nathaniel, 6.
 Tufts, Peter, 5, 6.
 Tufts, Captain Peter, 6.
 Tufts, Samuel, 7.
 Tufts, Timothy, 7.
 Turner, Rev. Edward, 43.
 Turner, Captain William, 53.
 Tyler, Mary E., 26, 30, 31.
 Tyler, Columbus, 25, 27.
 Underwood, James, 42, 48.
 Union Flag Unfurled, 52.
 Union Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society, 82.
 Union, Rock County, Wis., 82.
 Union Square, 7, 8, 12, 15, 17, 19, 74.
 "Union Square Before the War," 62.
 "Union Square and Its Neighborhood About the Year 1846," 62.
 Unitarian Church, 27.
 Unitarian Parsonage, 18.
 United Colonies, 52.
 Unity, N. H., 44.
 Upham, John, 49.
 Upham, William Henry, 49.
 Urann, Captain Thomas, 77.
 Veteran Firemen's Association, 18.
 Vicksburg, 65.
 Victoria, 72.
 Vinal, Alfred E., 14, 18.
 Vinal Avenue, 6, 14.
 Vinal, Edward E., 14.
 Vinal, Emmeline A., 14.
 Vinal, John W., 14, 18.
 Vinal, Lucy A., 14.
 Vinal, Lydia, 14.
 Vinal, Lydia M., 13, 18.
 Vinal, Lydia (Stone), 17.
 Vinal, Margaret F., 14.
 Vinal, Martha A., 14.
 Vinal, Mary Elizabeth, 13.
 Vinal, Quincy Adams, 14, 15, 17, 62.
 Vinal, Robert, 13, 17.
 Vinal, Robert Aldersey, 13, 14, 15, 17.
 Wade, Captain Jonathan, 53.
 Wakefield, Mass., 22.
 Walker, Leonard, 57.
 Walnut Hill, 15.
 Walnut Hill School, The, 41-48.
 Walnut Street, 6, 11, 14, 16, 17, 56.
 Waltham, Mass., 2, 3.
 War Department, 64.
 Warren Avenue, 13, 14.
 Warren, Mary, 46.
 Warren School, Charlestown, Mass., 24.
 Washington, D. C., 41.
 Washington, George, 26, 52, 54, 69, 77.
 Washington Street, 5, 6, 14, 16, 20.
 Waters, Elizabeth A., 20, 21.
 Watertown, Mass., 1, 2, 4, 56.
 Wayland, Mass., 46.
 Weitzel, —, 65, 66.
 Welch, Abram, 14.
 Wellington Bridge, 50.
 Wellington, Chary, 3.
 Wellington, Thomas, 3.
 Westboro, Mass., 45.
 West Cambridge Road School, 44.
 West Cambridge, Mass., 18, 19, 43, 45, 46, 48.

- Western Electric Company of Chicago, 21.
West Medford, Mass., 60.
Webster Avenue, 15.
Weymouth, Mass., 49.
"What Somerville Needs," 61.
Wheeler, ———, 16.
White, Hannah, 53.
White, John, 53.
White, Mercy, 53.
White, Lieutenant Nicholas, 53.
Whitman, Edmund B., 56.
Whitman, Ensign John, 53.
Whitridge, Elizabeth, 6.
Whittemore, Amos, Jr., 47.
Whittemore, Clara D., 47, 48.
Whittemore, James Russell, 47.
Whittemore, Jonathan, 43.
Whittemore, J. W., 32.
Whittemore, Miranda, 43, 44, 45.
Whittemore, Rev. Thomas, 55.
Whittemore, William, 41.
Wilkins, Mary, 44.
Willard C. Kinsley (Independent) Relief Corps, 32.
Willard C. Kinsley Post, No. 139, 64.
Williams, Charles, Jr., 20, 21.
Williams, Herbert Farmer Coe, 21.
Williams, Lester Holmes, 21.
Willow Avenue, 60.
Wilmington, N. C., 39, 40.
Wilson, Sally, 48.
Wilson, Sally (Scripture), 48.
Wilson, Major Supply, 48.
Winchester, Mass., 21, 60.
Winnik, Louisa H., 46.
Winnisimmet Square, Chelsea, Mass., 57.
Winship, Dr., 73.
Winter Hill, 47.
Winter Hill Congregational Church, 24.
Winter Hill Improvement Association, 62, 64.
Winter Hill Universalist Church, 63.
"Winthrop, John," 62.
Winthrop, Governor John, 49.
Wirtz, General, 35, 36, 37.
Wisconsin Territory, 80.
Woburn Road School, 45.
Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 27.
Woman's Relief Corps, 27.
Wonohaquaham Tribe of Red Men, 23.
Wood, James A., 11.
Wood, James Freeman, 11.
Woodlawn, 63.
Wood, Sarah Bolles, 11.
Worcester, George P., 46.
Worcester High School, 22.
Worcester, Mass., 22.
Wrentham, Mass., 55, 56.
Wyatt's Field, 10.
Wyman, Luke, 48.
Wyman, Thomas B., 44, 46.
Wyman, Dr. Morrill, 25.
Wyman, Ruth, 48.
Yorktown, Va., 57, 64.

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